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THE LOUSIAD

By
Peter Lindar



*G-d, curse the louse, and eke the Plate!
Lo! direful vengeance o'er my Pate!*

PARIS.

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THE
LOUSIAD,
AN
HEROI-COMIC POEM.

Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu
Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia;
Cum canerem reges et prælia Cynthius aurem
Vellit et admonuit — VIRGIL,

I, who so lately in my Lyric lays
Sung to the praise and Glory of R. A.'s;
And sweetly tun'd to Love the melting line,
With Ovid's art, and Sappho's warmth divine;
Said (nobly daring!) « Muse, exalt thy wings,
« Love and the Sons of Canvas quit for Kings. »
Apollo, laughing at my powers of song,
Cry'd: « Peter Pindar, prithee hold thy tongue. »
But I, like Poets, self-sufficient grown,
Reply'd: « Apollo, prithee hold thy own. »



TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

IT is necessary to inform thee that his Majesty actually discovered, some time ago, as he sat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of *such* a guest can be better imagined than described.

An edict was, in consequence, passed for shaving the Cooks, Scullions, &c. and the unfortunate LOUSE condemned to die.

Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD.—With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *uncritical* as well as critical Reader will decide.

The ingenious AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know somewhat of the matter, hath been heard privately to declare that, in *his* opinion, the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer, the *Secchia Rapita* of Tassoni, the *Lutrin* of Boileau, the *Dispensary* of Garth, and the *Rape of the Lock* of Pope, are not to be compared to it; and to exclaim at the same time, with all the modest assurance of an author:

Cedite, scriptores Romani; cedite, Graii! —
Nil ortum in terris *Lousiadâ* melius.

Which, for the sake of the mere English Reader, is thus beautifully translated:

Roman and Grecian Authors, great and small,
The Author of the *Lousiad* beats you all.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Proömium—Description of the LOUSE's Fall—History of his Wife and Family—A wonderfully sublime Simile of a Cow.—Discovery of the LOUSE by his Majesty—The King's Horror and Astonishment on seeing him—equal to that he felt at Mr. Fox's Attempt on Prerogative—at Mr. BURKE's dreadful Defalcation of the Royal Table—equal to that his Majesty felt in a Tumble from his horse—equal to the Horrors of disappointed Venison-Eaters—of a Serjeant at Law—of a Country Girl—of a Petit-Maitre saluted by a Chimney-sweeper.—of the Devil when pinched by St. DUNSTAN's red-hot tongs—of Lady WORSLEY—of SAM HOUSE, the Patriot—of BILLY RAMUS—of KYNASTON, the 'Squire of *Leatherhead*—of the perjured CHRISTOPHER ATKINSON—of the Prince of ASTURIAS—of the King of SPAIN—of Dr. JOHNSON and Dr. Wilson—Description of his Majesty's Heart—most naturally and wittily compared to a Dump-ling—His Majesty's Speech to the Queen—Her Majesty's most gracious and short Answer—The short Speech of the beautiful Princesses—His Majesty's rough Rejoinder—The Fear that came on the Queen and her Children—Beautiful Apostrophe to the Princesses—the King's Speech to the Pages—The King unable to eat—The Queen able—The King's Orders about the LOUSE—Description of DIXON the Cook Major—his Speech—A Speech of the Cooks—Fine Simile of Bubble and Squeak, thought more sublime than that of HOMER's Black Pudding—Speech of a Scullion—of a Scullion's Mate—of a Turnbroche—Noble Comparison of a Tartar Monarch after he hath dined—A long and wise Speech of a Yeoman of the Kitchen—The Cook's Approbation of the Yeoman's Speech—Grand Simile of a Barn and its Lodgers set on fire by Lightning—The concluding Speech of the Cook Major.

THE
LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE LOUSE I sing, who, from some head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down (so will'd the dread decree of Fate!)
With legs wide sprawling on the Monarch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace;
Far from the gambols of a tender race,
Whose little feet he taught with care to tread
Amidst the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food with fond delight,
And taught the tiny wand'ers where to bite;
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:
Far from these pleasing scenes ordain'd to roam,
Like wise Ulysses from his native home;
Yet, like that sage, though forc'd to roam and mourn,
Like him, alas! not fated to return!
Who, full of rags and glory, saw his boy*,
And wife ** again, and dog *** that dy'd for joy.
Down dropp'd the luckless LOUSE, with fear appall'd,
And wept his wife and children as he sprawl'd.

* Telemachus.

** Penelope.

*** Argus, for whose history see the Odyssey.

Thus, on a promontory's misty brow,
 The POET's eye, with sorrow, saw a cow
 Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and sheep,
 By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep;
 No more to reign a queen amongst the cattle,
 And urge her rival beaus, the bulls, to battle;
 She fell, * rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,
 With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.
 Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,
 The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity, arose;
 He wanted not a motive to entreat him,
 Beside the horror that the King might eat him:
 The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,
 Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork,
 Or drowning 'midst the sauce in dismal dumps,
 Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.
 Vain hope of stealing unperceiv'd away!
 He might as well have tarried where he lay.
 Seen was the LOUSE, as with the Royal brood
 Our hungry King amus'd himself with food;
 Which proves (though scarce believ'd by one in ten)
 That Kings have appetites like common men;
 And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
 Kings feed on solids less refin'd than air.
 Paint, heavenly Muse, the look, the *very* look,
 That of the Sov'reign's face possession took,
 When first he saw the LOUSE, in solemn state,
 Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!

* — Moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

Yet, could a LOUSE a British King surprise,
And like a pair of saucers stretch his eyes?
The little tenant of a mortal head
Shake the great RULER of three realms with dread?
Good Lord! (as somebody sublimely sings)
What great effects arise from little things!
As many a loving swain and nymph can tell,
Who, following Nature's law, have loved too well!

Not with more horror did his eyes behold
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
And dear PREROGATIVE was just in chains:
Not with more horror did his eye-balls work
Convulsive on the patriotic Burke,
When guilty of economy, the crime!
Edmund wide wander'd from the *true sublime*,
And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,
Cribb'd from the royal table many a dish;
Saw ev'ry slice of bread and butter cut,
Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut;
And gaug'd (composed upon no sneaking scale)
The Monarch's belly like a cask of ale;
Convinc'd that, in his scheme of state-salvation,
To starve * the Palace, was to save the Nation:

(*) His Majesty was really reduced some time since to a most mortifying dilemma.—The apples at dinner having been, by a too great liberality to the Royal children, expended, the King ordered a supply, but was informed that the Board of Green Cloth would positively allow no more. Enraged at the unexpected and unroyal disappointment,

Not more aghast he look'd, when, 'midst the course,
 He tumbled, in a stag-chase, from his horse,
 Where all the nobles deem'd their Monarch dead,
 But luckily he pitch'd upon his head.

Not VEN'SON EATERS at the vanish'd fat,
 With stomachs wider than a Quaker's hat:
 Not with more horror Mister Serjeant PLIANT
 Looks down upon an empty-handed client:
 Not with more horror stares the rural Maid,
 By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,
 Who sees her ticket a dire blank arise,
 Too fondly thought the twenty thousand prize,
 With which the simple damsel meant, no doubt,
 To bless her faithful fav'rite, Colin Clout.

Not with more horror stares each lengthen'd fea-
 Of some fine, fluttering, mincing *petit maître*, [ture
 When of a wanton chimney-sweeping wag
 The beau's white vestment feels the sooty bag:
 Not with more horror did the Devil look,
 When Dunstan by the nose the demon took,
 (As gravely say our legendary songs)
 And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs:
 Not Lady Worsley, chaste as *many* a nun,
 Look'd with more horror at Sir Richard's fun,
 When, rais'd on high to view her naked charms,
 He held the peeping Captain in his arms:

he furiously put his hand into his pocket, took out six-
 pence, sent a Page for two pennyworth of pippins, and re-
 ceived the change.

Like David, that most am'rous little dragon,
Ogling sweet Bethsheba without a rag on.

Not more the great Sam House * with horror
By mob affronted to the very beard, [star'd,
Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)
Snatch'd from his waving hand his fox's tail,
And stuff'd it, 'midst his thunders of applause,
Full in the centre of Sam's gaping jaws,
That, forcing down his patriotic throat,
Of « Fox and Freedom! » stopp'd the glorious note.

Not with more horror Billy Ramus ** star'd,
When Puff, *** the Prince's hair-dresser, appear'd
Amidst their eating room with dread design
To sit with PAGES, and with PAGES dine!

* In Westminster Hall, where the *sense* (the author was just about to say *nonsense*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

** Billy Ramus emphatically and constantly called by his Majesty *Billy Ramus*, one of the pages who shaves the Sovereign, airs his shirts, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

*** Puff, his Royal Highness's hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the prince, with his usual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the Pages. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was dispatched to the King and Prince to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair-dresser*. The petition was treated with proper contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *submitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who lose their *Cast*, have not held up their heads *since*.

Not with more horror Gloster's Duchess star'd,
 When (blest in metaphor !) the King declar'd,
 That not of all her mongrel breed, one whelp
 Should in the Royal kennel ever yelp.

Not more that man so sweet, so unprepar'd,
 The gentle squire of Leatherhead, * was scar'd,
 When, after prayers so good, and rare a sermon;
 He found his front attack'd by fierce Miss Vernon;
 Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdaining fear!)
 To pour her *foot* in thunder on his *rear*:
 Who, in God's house, ** without one grain of
 Spit, like a vixen, in his Worship's face; [grace,
 Then shook her nails, as sharp as taylor's shears,
 That itch'd to scrape acquaintance with his ears.

Not Atkinson *** with stronger terror started
 (Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)
 When JUSTICE, a sly dame, one day thought fit
 To pay her serious compliments to Kit;
 Ask'd him a few short questions about *corn*,
 And whisper'd, she believ'd he was forsworn;

* Kynaston is the name of the gentleman assailed by the furious Maid of Honour for disapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

** Verily in the House of the Lord, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane salival assault take place on the phiz of 'Squire Kynaston, to the disgrace of his family, the wonder of the parson, the horror of the clerk, and the stupefaction of the congregation.

*** Mr. Christopher Atkinson's airing on the pillory is sufficiently known to the public.

The Queen look'd down, and said: « Mine Gote,
« Good la! »

And with a smile the grey-back'd STRANGER saw;
Each Princess strain'd her lovely neck to see,
And, with another smile, exclaim'd « Good me! »--
« Mine Gote! Good me! is that all you can say? »
(Our gracious Monarch cry'd with huge dismay.)
« What! what! a silly vacant smile take place
« Upon your Majesty's and children's face;
« Whilst that vile LOUSE (soon, soon to be unjointed)
« Affronts the presence of the LORD'S ANOINTED! »

Dash'd, as if tax'd with Hell's most deadly sins,
The Queen and Princesses drew in their chins,
Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,
And, very prudent, « words spake never more. »
Sweet Maids! the beauteous boast of BRITAIN'S isle,
Speak—were those peerless lips forbid to smile?
Lips! that the soul of simple NATURE moves,
Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the LOVES!
Lips of delight! unstain'd by SATIRE'S gall!
Lips! that I never kiss'd—and never shall.

Now, to each trembling Page, a poor mute mouse,
The *pious* MONARCH cried: « Is this *your* Louse? »
« Ah! Sire, » (reply'd each Page with pig-like whine)
« An't please your Majesty, it is not mine.
« *Not thine?* » (the hasty Monarch cried again)
« What? what? what? what? what? who the
« devil's then? »

Now at this sad event the SOVEREIGN, sore,
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more:

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« devil's then ? »

Now at this sad event the SOVEREIGN, sore,
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more :

His wiser Queen, her gracious stomach studying,
 Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding;
 For Germans are a very hearty sort,
 Whether begot in Hog-sties or a Court;
 Who bear (which shews their hearts are not of
 stone)
 The ills of others better than their own.

Grim **TERROR** seiz'd the souls of all the Pages,
 Of different sizes, and of different ages;
 Frighten'd about their pensions or their bones,
 They on each other gap'd like Jacob's sons!

Now to a **PAGE**, but *which* we can't determine,
 The growling Monarch gave the plate and vermin:
 « Watch well that blackguard animal, » he cries,
 « That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, dies!
 « Watch, like a cat, that vile marauding **LOUSE**,
 « Or George shall play the devil in the house.
 « Some spirit whispers that to cooks I owe
 « The precious visitor that crawls below;
 « Yes, yes! the whisp'ring Spirit tells me true,
 « And soon shall vengeance all their locks pursue.
 « Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,
 « Shall lose their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig.»
 Thus roar'd the King--not Hercules so big!
 And all the Palace echo'd--« Wear a wig!»

FEAR, like an ague, struck the pale-nos'd Cooks,
 And dash'd the beef and mutton from their looks;
 Whilst from each cheek the rose withdrew its red,
 And **PITY** blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But lo! the great COOK-MAJOR comes! his eyes,
Fierce as the redd'ning flame that roasts and fries;
His cheeks like bladders, with high passion glowing,
Or like a fat Dutch trumpeter's when blowing.
A neat white apron his huge corpse embrac'd,
Tied by two comely strings about his waist:
An apron that he purchas'd with his riches,
To guard from hostile grease his velvet breeches;
An apron that, in Monmouth Street high hung,
Oft to the winds with sweet deportment swung.

“Ye sons of dripping, on your Major look!”
(In sounds of deep-ton'd thunder, cry'd the Cook)
“By this white apron that no more can hope
“To join the piece in Mister Inkle's shop,
“That oft hath held the best of Palace meat,
“And from this forehead wip'd the briny sweat,
“I swear this head disdains to lose its locks,
“And those that do not, tell them they are *Blocks*;
“Whose head, my Cooks, such vile disgrace endures?
“Will it be yours, or yours, or yours, or yours?
“Ten thousand crawlers in that head be hatch'd,
“For ever itching, but be never scratch'd!
“Then may the charming perquisite of grease,
“The mammon of your pocket ne'er increase!
“Grease! that so frequently hath brought you coin,
“From veal, pork, mutton, and the great SIR LOIN.
“O brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks:
“Lo! to no King on earth I yield these locks.
“Few are my hairs behind, by age endear'd!
“But, few or many, they shall not be shear'd.

« Sooner shall Madam Schwellenberg, * the jade,
 « Yield up her fav'rite perquisites of trade ;
 « Give up her sacred Majesty's old gowns ,
 « Caps, petticoats , and aprons, without frowns :
 « She ! who for ever studies mischief--She !
 « Who soon will be as busy as a bee,
 « To get the liberty of locks enslav'd,
 « And ev'ry harmless cook and scullion shav'd--
 « She , if by chance a *British* Servant Maid ,
 « By some insinuating tongue betray'd ,
 « Induc'd the fair forbidden fruit to taste ,
 « Grows , luckless , somewhat bigger in the waist ,
 « Rants, storms, swears, turns the penitent to door.
 « Grac'd with the pretty names of B--ch and W---- :
 « To range a prostitute upon the Town,
 « Or, if the weeping wretch think better, drown :--
 « But, if a GERMAN Spider-brusher fails ,
 « Whose nose grows sharper, and whose shape tells
 tales ;
 « Hush'd is th' affair : the Queen and She, good dame,
 « Both club their wits to hide the growing shame ;
 « To wed her, get some fool--I mean some *wise* man ;
 « Then dub the prudent cuckold an exciseman--
 « She ! who hath got more insolence and pride ,
 « God mend her heart ! than half the world beside :
 « She ! who, of guttling fond, stuffs down more meat,
 « Heav'n help her stomach ! than ten men can eat,
 « Ten men ! aye , more than ten--the hungry hag !
 « Why, zounds ! the woman's stomach's like a bag.

* Mistress of the robes to her Majesty.

« She! who will swell the uproar of the house ,
 « And tell the King damn'd lies about the louse ;
 « When probably that louse (a vile old trull !)
 « Was born and nourish'd in her own grey scull.

« Sooner the room shall buxom NANNY * quit ,
 « Where oft she charms her master with her wit ;
 « Tells tales of ev'ry body, ev'ry thing ,
 « From honest courtiers to the thieves who swing ;
 « Waits on her Sov'reign while he reads dispatches,
 « And wisely winds up state affairs or watches.

« Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav'n his income
 mend !)
 « Shall quit his bottle, mistress, or his friend ;
 « Laugh at the drop on MISERY's languid eye ,
 « And hear her sinking voice without a sigh ;
 « Break for the wealth of realms his sacred word ,
 « And let the world write *coward* on his sword :
 « Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part ,
 « And stuffing leave a calf's or bullock's heart :
 « Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard ,
 « And from the codlin tart be torn the custard :
 « Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil ,
 « And all our melted butter turn to oil :
 « Sooner our pious KING , with pious face ,
 « Sit down to dinner without saying grace ;
 « And ev'ry night salvation-pray'rs put forth ,
 « For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North,

* Buxom Nanny — a female servant of the palace, who
constantly attends the K—g when he reads the dispatches.

« Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails ,
 « And dish-clouts stick eternal to our tails !
 « Let GEORGE view MINISTERS with surly LOOKS ,
 « Abuse 'em, kick 'em — but revere his COOKS ! »

« What, lose our locks ! » reply'd the roasting crew,
 « To Barbers yield 'em ! — Damme if we do !
 « Be shav'd like foreign dogs one daily meets ,
 « Naked and blue , and shiv'ring in the streets !
 « And from the Palace be asham'd to range ,
 « For fear the world should think we had the mange ,
 « By taunting boys made weary of our lives ,
 « Broad grinning wh—res, and ridiculing wives ! »

« Rouse, OPPOSITION ! » roar'd a tipsey Cook ,
 « With hands a-kimbo , and bubonic look :
 « 'Tis *she* alone our noble curls can keep ;
 « Without HER , MINISTERS would fall asleep :
 « 'Tis SHE who makes great men — our FOXES ,
 PITTS ,

« And sharpens, whetstone-like, the Nation's wits :
 « Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great ,
 « And, broom-like, sweeps the cobwebs of the State :
 « In casks, like sulphur that expels bad air ,
 « And makes, like thunder-claps, foul weather fair ,
 « Acts , like a gun that, fir'd at gather'd soot ,
 « Preserves the chymney and the house to boot :
 « Or, like a school-boy's whip, that keeps up tops ,
 « The sinking Realm , by flagellation , props .
 « Our Monarch must not be indulg'd too far ;
 « Besides, I love a little bit of war.

« Whether to crop our curls he boasts a right,
 « Or not, I do not care the Louse's bite;
 « But then, no force-work! No! No force, by
 Heaven!
 « COOKS! YEOMEN! SCOURERS! we will not be
 « Try but to force a PIG against his will, [driv'n.
 « Behold! the sturdy GENTLEMAN stands still;
 « Or p'rhaps (his pow'r to let the driver know)
 « Gallops the very road he should not go.
 « No force for me! — The FRENCH, the fawning
 dogs,
 « E'en let *them* lose their freedom, and eat frogs;
 « Damme! I hate each pale *soup-meagre* thief —
 « Give me my darling liberty and beef. »

He spoke — and from his jaws a lump he slid,
 And, swearing, manful flung to earth his QUID.
 Then swelling PRIDE forbade his tongue to rest,
 Whilst wild emotions labour'd in his breast:
 Now sounds confus'd his anger, made him mutter,
 And, when he thought on shaving, curses splutter.
 Such is the sound (the simile's not weak)
 Form'd by what mortals BUBBLE * call and SQUEAK,
 When 'midst the frying-pan, in accents savage,
 The beef so surly quarrels with the cabbage.

* The modest author of the LOUSIAD must do himself
 the justice to declare here, that his simile of the Bubble
 and Squeak is vastly more natural and more sublime than
 Homer's black pudding on a gridiron, illustrating the mo-
 tions and emotions of his Hero Ulysses.

Vide ODYSSEY.

« Be shav'd ! » a Scullion loud began to bellow,
 Loud as a parish bull, or poor OTHELLO,
 Plac'd by that rogue IAGO upon thorns,
 With all the horrors of a pair of horns :
 Loud as th' EXCISEMAN * struggling for his life,
 And panting in a most inglorious strife ;
 When on his face the smuggling Princess sprung,
 And cat-like clawing, to his visage clung.

« Be shav'd, like pigs ! » rejoin'd the scullion's
 mate,
 His dish-clout shaking, and his pot-crown'd pate :
 « What barber dares it, let him watch his nose,
 « And, curse me ! dread the rage of these ten toes. »
 So saying, with an oath to raise one's hair,
 He kick'd with threat'ning foot the yielding air.

Thus have I seen an Ass (baptiz'd a Jack)
 Grac'd by a CHIMNEYSWEEPER on his back,
 Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,
 In imitation of a HORSE of QUALITY.

« Be shav'd ! » an understrapper TURNBROCHE
 In all the foaming energy of pride — [cry'd

* This affair happened a few years since.—An Excise-
 man seizing some smuggled goods belonging to a Princess,
 a relation of the Great Frederic, her Highness fell upon
 the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almost scratched his eyes out ;
 the Exciseman made a formal complaint to the King, beg-
 ging to be relieved from the disgrace. The gallant Mo-
 narch returned for answer, that he gave up the duties to
 his cousin the Princess, but could not conceive how the
 hand of a fair Lady could dishonour the face of an Excise-
 man.

« Zounds ! let us take His Majesty in hand !
« The King shall find he lives at *our* command :
« Yes ; let him know, with all his wond'rous state ,
« His teeth and stomach on *our* wills shall wait ;
« *We* rule the platters , *we* command the spit ,
« And George shall have his mess when *we* think fit ;
« Stay till *ourselves* shall condescend to eat ,
« And then, if *we* think proper, have his meat. »

Thus having fed on ven'son rather coarse ,
A colt, or crocodile , or dish of horse ,
The Tartar quits his smoaky hut with scorn ,
Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn ;
And treating MONARCHS like his slaves or swine ,
Informs them they have liberty to dine.

« Heav'ns ! » cry'd a YEOMAN, with much learn-
ing grac'd ,
In books as well as meat , a man of taste ,
Who read with vast applause the daily news ,
And kept a close acquaintance with the MUSE ;
Conundrum , rebus made , acrostic , riddle ;
And sung his dying sonnets to the fiddle ,
When LOVE , with cruel dart, the murd'ring thief,
His heart had spitted , like a piece of beef.
« Are these , » he said , « of KINGS the whims and
jokes ?
« Then KINGS can be as mad as common folks.
« DAME NATURE, when a PRINCE's head she makes ,
« No more concern about the inside takes
« Than of the inside of a bug's or bat's ,
« A flea's , a grasshopper's , a cur's , a cat's !

« As careless as the ARTIST, trunks designing,
 « About the trifling circumstance of *lining*;
 « Whether of Cumberland he use the plays,
 « Miss Burney's novels, or Miss Seward's lays;
 « Or sacred dramas of Miss Hannah More,
 « Where all the NINE, with little MOSES, snore;
 « Or good Squire Pindar's Odes, or Wharton's stick;
 « Or Horace Walpole's Doubts upon King Dick,
 « Who furious drives, at times, his old goose quill,
 « On *Strawb'rry* (Reader!) not th' *Aonian Hill*;
 « Whether he doom'd the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,
 « Or *those* of Lords and Commons to the King;
 « Where *one* begs money, and the *others* grant,
 « So easy, freely, friendly, complaisant,
 « As though the cash were really all their own,
 « To purchase *knick-knacks** that disgrace a throne.
 « Ah me! did people know what trifling things
 « Compose those idols of the earth call'd *Kings*,
 « Those counterparts of that *important fellow*,
 « The children's wonder—SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO,
 « Who struts upon the stage this hour away,
 « His outside gold, his inside rags and hay;
 « No more as GOD's Vicegerents would they shine,
 « Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DI-
 VINE.

* The Civil List, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from toys—For an instance, we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-descript of a time-piece at the Queen's House, which cost nearly two thousand pounds. The same artist is also allowed 200*l per annum* to keep the bauble in repair.

« Those LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have seen,
 « Sunk, by the merest trifles, with the spleen :
 « Oft for an ill-dress'd egg have heard them groan,
 « And seen them quarrel for a mutton bone :
 « At salt or vinegar, with passion, fume,
 « And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room.*

« Alas ! how often have we heard them grunt,
 « Whene'er the rushing rain hath spoil'd a HUNT !
 « Their sanguine wishes cross'd, their spirits clogg'd,
 « Mereriding dishclouts homeward they have jogg'd;
 « Poor imps ! the sport (with all their pride and
 pow'r)

« Of NATURE's diuretic stream — a show'r !
 « This *we*, the actors in the farce, perceive ;
 « But *this* the *distant* world will ne'er believe,
 « Who fancy KINGS to all the virtues born,
 « Ne'er by the vulgar storms of passion torn ;
 « But, blest with souls so calm, like summer seas,
 « That smile to Heav'n, unruffled by a breeze :
 « Who think that KINGS, on wisdom always fed,
 « Speak sentences like BACON's brazen head ;
 « Hear from their lips the vilest nonsense fall,
 « Yet think some heav'nly spirit dictates all ;
 « Conceive their bodies of celestial clay,

* This is partly a picture of the last reign as well as the present. The passions of George the Second were of the most impetuous kind. His hat and his famous Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill-humour—nay ! poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his foot-benevolence. But he was a Prince of virtues—*Ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis offendar maculis.*

« And, though all ailment, sacred from decay;
 « To nods and smiles their gaping homage bring,
 « And thank their GOD their eyes have seen a KING!
 « Lord! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER
 « Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,
 « To country'Squires, and wives of country'Squires,
 « Like stuck pigs staring, how each oaf *admires!*
 « Lo! ev'ry syllable becomes a GEM!
 « And if, by chance, the Monarch cough, or hem,
 « Seiz'd with the symptoms of a deep surprise,
 « Their joints with rev'rence tremble, and their eyes
 « Roll wonder first, then, shrinking back with fear,
 « Would hide behind the brains, were any there.
 « How taken is this idle world by show!
 « Birth, riches, are the Baals to whom we bow;
 « Preferring, with a soul as black as soot,
 « A rogue on horseback, to a saint on foot.
 « See FRANCE, see PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,
 « And mark the desert of each DESPOT's brain;
 « Whose tongues should never treat with taunts a
 FOOL;
 « Who prove that nothing is too mean to *rule.*
 « What could the PRINCE, high-tow'ring like a
 steeple,
 « Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE?
 « Go, like the King of Babylon, * to grass,
 « Or wander, like a beggar, with a pass!
 « However *modern* KINGS may COOKS despise,
 « WARRIORS and KINGS were cooks, or Hist'ry
 lies—

* Nebuchadnezzar.

« PATROCLUS broil'd beef-steaks to quell his hunger:
 « The mighty AGAMEMNON potted conger!
 « And CHARLES of SWEDEN, 'midst his guns and
 drums,
 « Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.
 « Be shav'd! — No! Sooner pill'ries, jails, the stocks,
 « Shall pinch this corpse than BARBERS scratch my
 « locks! »

« Well hast thou said, » a SCOURER bold rejoin'd:
 « Damme! I love the man who speaks his mind. »
 Then in his arms the Orator he took,
 And swore he was an Angel of a Cook.
 A while he held him with a Cornish hug;
 Then seiz'd, with glorious grasp, a pewter mug,
 Whose ample womb nor cyder held, nor ale,
 But nectar fit for JOVE, and brew'd by THRALE.
 « A health to Cooks, » he cried, and wav'd the pot;
 « And he who sighs for titles is a sot —
 « Let Dukes and Lords the world in wealth surpass;
 « Yet many a lion's skin conceals an ass.
 « Lo! this is one amongst my golden rules,
 « To think the greatest men the greatest fools:
 « The GREAT are judges of an opera song,
 « And fly a Briton's for a eunuch's tongue;
 « Thus idly squand'ring for a squall their riches,
 « To faint with rapture at those cats in breeches.
 « Accept this truth from me, my lads — the man
 « Who first found out a spit, or frying-pan,
 « Did ten times more towards the public good,
 « Than all the tawdry titles since the flood:

« Titles! that KINGS may grant to asses, mules,
« The scorn of sages, and the boast of fools! »

He ended — All the Cooks exclaim'd, « Divine! »
Then whisper'd one another, 'twas « damn'd fine! »
Thus spoke the SCOURER like a man inspir'd,
Whose speech the HEROES of the kitchen fir'd:
Grooms, masterscourers, scullions, scullions' mates,
With all the overseers of knives and plates,
Felt their brave souls like frisky cyder work,
Whizzing in opposition to the cork:
Earth's Potentates appear'd ignoble things,
And Cooks of greater consequence than Kings;
Such is the pow'r of words where truth unites,
And such the rage that injur'd worth excites!
The SCOURER's speech, indeed, with reason blest,
Inflam'd with godlike ardour all the rest.
Thus if a barn Heav'n's vengeful lightning draw,
The flame ethereal darts amongst the straw;
Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazles, mice and rats,
And (if unfortunately mousing) cats;
All feel the fierce devouring fire in turn,
And, mingling in one conflagration, burn.

« Sons of the SPIT, » the Major cry'd again,
« Your warlike speeches prove you blest with brain;
« Brain that Dame Nature gives not ev'ry head,
« But fills the vast vacuity with lead!
« Yet ere for opposition we prepare,
« And bravely battle in the cause of HAIR;
« Methinks 'twould be but decent to petition,
« And tell the King with firmness our condition:

« Soon as our sad complaint he hears us utter,
 « His gracious heart may melt away like butter;
 « Fair MERCY shine amidst our gloomy house,
 « And anger'd MAJESTY forget the LOUSE. »

ADVERTISEMENT.

As many people persist in their incredulity with respect to the attack made by the Barbers on the heads of the harmless Cooks, I shall exhibit a list of the unhappy sufferers: it is the Palace-list, and therefore as authentic as the Gazette.

A true List of the Shaved at Buckingham House.

Two Master Cooks,	Two Soil-carriers,
Three Yeomen ditto,	Two Door-keepers,
Four Grooms,	Eight Boys,
Three Children,	Five Pastry People,
Two Master Scourers,	Eight Silver Scullery
Six Under Scourers,	for <i>laughing</i> at the Cooks.
Six Turnbroches,	

In all, fifty-one.

A young man, named John Bear, would not submit, and lost his place.

THE ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION to the Muses—Degeneracy of modern poets—The ragged state of the ladies of Parnassus--Sad condition of Bards--Praise of Mr. West's great picture of King Alexander and the Stag—More invocation to the Muses—The tricks of those Ladies—Their impositions on Poets and Poetesses--A compliment to King George and Dr. Herschell on their intimacy with the Moon, and important discoveries in that planet--Invocation to Apollo—Invocation to Conscience—Conscience described—The great powers of Conscience—More invocation to Conscience--Truth and Falsehood, their situations—More invocation to Conscience—The praise of Royal economy and a Hanoverian College—Address to Gottingen—More invocation to Conscience—Mr. Hastings's Bulse, Mrs. Hastings's bed and cradle properly treated--More words to Conscience--The fatal power of Conscience over the late Mr. Yorke and Lord Clive--Address to Fame--A request to the aforesaid Gentlewoman, instructing her how to dispose of some of her trumpets--Description of her *pseudo*-votaries--The Bard blushing for the quantity of invocation--Procession of his Epic Poem--Madame Schwellenberg described with a plate of ham--Account of her birth, parentage, and education--Account of Pride--Madame Schwellenberg's visit to the King--His Majesty's most gracious speech--Madame Schwellenberg's answers--Address to Readers on Ladies swearing--Sir Francis Drake, the Steward of the Household, described--Not to be confounded with the famous Sir Francis Drake, who died near 200 years ago--The perquisites of the present Sir Francis--Description of the dining-room belonging to the Cooks at Buckingham House--The entertainment and utensils of this room--Dixon the Cook-Major's speech--Story of a Nabob and a Beggar--Cook-Major Dixon's speech in continuation--Speech of another Cook--The Cooks in the dumps--The Cook-Major's rejoinder to the Cook's speech--A very sensible speech--Conclusion with a beautiful simile--The petition of the Cooks.

THE
LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE SECOND.

« — *Qualis ab incepto.* »

HORACE.

« As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
« world without end. »

Nymphs of the sacred fount, around whose brink
Bards rush in droves, like cart-horses, to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidst your streams so clear,
And, whilst they gulp it, wish it ale or beer;
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,
Old Calvert's brewhouse for their Hippocrene;
And blest with beef, their ghostly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chophouse their Aonian hill;
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE:
Assist me! YE who themes sublime pursue,
With scarce a shift, a stocking or a shoe!
Such pow'r have satires, epigrams, and odes,
As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods,
As well as mortal Bards, who oft bewail
Their unsuccessful madrigals in jail,
Where penn'd, like hapless cuckoos, in a cage,
The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;

Deck the damp walls with verse of various quality,
And, from their prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me where is now thy blush, O SHAME!
Shall Bards through *jails* explore the road to Fame?
Like souls of Papists in their way to glory,
Doom'd at the half-way house, call'd Purgatory,
To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
Like old tobacco-pipes from black to white?
Yet let me say again, that pow'rful rhyme
Hath lifted poets to a state sublime;
To lofty pill'ries rais'd their sacred ears
High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops!
Blest state! that gives each fair exalted mien,
To grace in print a monthly magazine;
And deck the shops with sweet engravings drest,
'Midst angels, sinners, saints of Mister WEST;
Where brave King ALEXANDER and the DEER,
A noble bustling hodge-podge shall appear,
From that fam'd picture* which our wonder drew,
And pour'd its brazen splendors on the view;
Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
On pent-house high, in Piccadilly, stare,
Where lions seem to roar, and tigers growl,
Hyænas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
And, by their goggling eyes and furious grin,
Inform what shaggy devils lodge within.

* A whole acre of canvas so daubed by colour as to give it the appearance of a brass foundery.

Ye NYMPHS who, fond of fun, full many a time,
Mount on a jack-ass many a child of rhyme,
And make him think, astride his braying hack,
He moves sublime on Pegasus's back:
Ye MUSES, oft by brainless poets sought
To bid the stanza chime, and swell with thought,
Who whelping for OBLIVION, fain would save
Their whining puppies from the sullen wave;
Assist me! YE who visit towns and hovels,
To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
And treat with scorn (far nobler knowledge studying)
The humble art of making pye or pudding:
Who bid our Sapphos of their verse be vain,
And fancy all Parnassus in their brain;
And, 'mid the bustle of their lucubrations,
Take downright madness for your inspirations;
Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
Who taste a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine,
When, blest at DATCHET, through thy HERSCHELL's
glass,
That brings from distant worlds a horse, an ass,
A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
Shirts, stockings, blankets, that on hedges dry,
Thine eyes at evenings late, and mornings soon,
Unsated feast on wonders in the Moon;
Where HERSCHELL on volcanos, mountains, pores,
And happy NATURE's true sublime explores:
Whilst thou, so modest (wonderful to tell!)
On LUNAR trifles art content to dwell,
Flies, grasshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckoo spittle;
In short, delighted with the world of little,

Which WEST shall paint, and grave Sir JOSEPH
BANKS

Receive from thy historic mouth with thanks ;
Then bid the vermin on the journals * crawl ,
Hop , jump , and flutter , to amuse us all.

And thou, great PATRON ** of the double quill,
That flays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
A pretty kind of double-barrel'd gun ,
More giv'n to tragic than to comic fun ;
Auspicious PATRON of the paunch and backs
Of those all-daring rascals christen'd quacks ,
To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder,
Who , hawk-like , keep the human species under :

GOD of those gentlemen of jingling brains ,
Who, for *their* own *amusement*, print their strains :
Strains that ne'er soared beyond the beetle's flight ,
Save on the pinions of a school-boy's kite ;
Strains arrant strangers to a depth profound ,
Save when deep pilgrimaging under ground ,
In humble rags, like Tinnors in a mine ,
They pay their court to CLOACINA's shrine ;
Strains that no ray of light or warmth proclaim ,
Save when , committed to the fire , they flame ;
Strains that a *circulation* never found ,
Save when they turn'd on beef or ven'son round :
Oh ! aid , as lofty HOMER says , my *nouse*
To sing sublime the MONARCH and the LOUSE !

* Of the Royal Society.

** Apollo.

NYMPHS, PHŒBUS, in my *first* heroic chapter
I should have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture:
Thus to forget my friends was not so clever;
But, says the proverb, « Better *late* than *never*. »
Well! since I'm in the invocation trade,
To CONSCIENCE let my compliments be paid.

CONSCIENCE, a terrifying little sprite,
That, bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night;
Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking
As sharp as weasels hunting eggs or mice; [vice,
Who, when the lightnings flash, and thunders crack,
Makes our hair bristle like a hedgehog's back;
Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion;
Uplifts our saint-like eyes with dread devotion;
Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with
And promise miracles to be forgiv'n; [Heav'n;
Bids spectres rise, not very like the Graces,
With goggling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn-
faces;
With scenes of fires of glowing brimstone scares,
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
For roasting, broiling, frying, fricasseeing
The SOUL, that sad offending little *Being*;
That stubborn stuff, of salamander make,
Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O CONSCIENCE! thou strait jacket of the soul,
The madding sallies of the bard controul;
Who, when inclin'd like brother bards, to lie,
Brings TRUTH's neglected form before his eye;

Fair MAID! to towns and courts a stranger grown ,
 And now to rural swains almost unknown ,
 Whose company was once their prudent choice ;
 Who once , delighted , listen'd to her voice ;
 When in their hearts the *gentler* passion strove ,
 And CONSTANCY went hand in hand with LOVE !
 Sweet TRUTH ! who steals through lonely shades
 along ,
 And mingles with the turtle's note her song ;
 Whilst FALSEHOOD , rais'd by sycophantic tricks ,
 Unblushing , flaunts it in a coach and six .

CONSCIENCE ! who bid'st our Monarch , from the
 Send sons to Gottingen for education , [nation ,
 Since helpless CAM and ISIS , lost to knowledge ,
 Are ideots to this Hanoverian college ,
 Where simple SCIENCE beams with orient ray ;
 The great , the glorious ATHENS of the day !
 So says the RULER of us English fools ,
 Who cannot judge like *him* of WISDOM's schools .

Dear attic GOTTINGEN ! to thee I bow ,
 Of Knowledge , oh ! most wonderful milch cow !
 From whom huge pails the royal boys shall bring ,
 And give , we hope , a little to the king .
 Through *Thee* , besides the knowledge they may
 reap ,
 The lads shall get their board and lodgings cheap ;
 And learn , like their good parents , to subsist
 Within the limits of the Civil List ;
 Who seldom bid a Minister implore
 A little farther pittance for the *poor* .

CONSCIENCE! who, to the wonder of his SIRE,
 Bad'st from his wonted state a PRINCE retire,
 And, like a subject, humbly seek the shade,
 That not a tradesman might remain unpaid:
 An action that the soul of ENVY stings —
 A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS:

CONSCIENCE! who mad'st a Monarch, by thy
 pow'r,
 Send pris'ner the fam'd Di'mond * to the Tow'r;
 So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
 And impudently sought to bribe his GRACE:
 Where, too, the cradle and the bed shall rest,
 That on the same damn'd errand left the East —
 Thus fall of gem and pearl the treas'nous tribe,
 And beds and cradles that would MONARCHS bribe!

CONSCIENCE! who now canst like a cart-horse
 draw,
 Now, lifeless sinking, scarcely lift a straw;
 So diff'rent are thy pow'rs at diff'rent times:
 Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!
 Thou! who at times canst like a lion roar
 For one poor sixpence, yet, like NORTH, canst snore
 Though rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
 And raging Hell with all its horrors rise;
 Whose eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
 Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blast* a name!

* Such is the story of the late sly Bulse that stole into
 St. James's.

O CONSCIENCE! who didst bid to madness we
 (So great thy pow'r) the brain of hapless YORK
 And mad'st him cut from ear to ear his throat,
 That luckless spoil'd his patriotic note;
 Yet wanted'st strength to force from *his* hard eye
 One drop—who *help'd* him to yon spangled sky;
 Whose damned pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue
 of art,
 Won on the weakness of his honest heart!
 Poor YORK! without a stone whose reliques lie,
 Though VIRTUE mark'd the murder with a sigh!

O CONSCIENCE! who to CLIVE didst give the knife
 That, desp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life;
 Who, lawless plund'rer, in his wild career,
 Whelm'd ASIA's eye with woe, and heart with fear;
 Whose wheels on carnage roll'd, and, drench'd
 with blood,
 From gasping Nature forc'd the blushing flood;
 Whilst HAVOCK, panting with triumphant breath,
 Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.—
 And now to thee, O lovely FAME, I bend;
 Let all thy trumpets this great work commend:
 Give one a-piece to all the learn'd Reviews,
 And bid them sound the labours of the MUSE:
 Give to the Magazines a trumpet each,
 And let the swelling note to doomsday reach:
 To daily News-papers a trumpet give,
 Thus shall my epic strain for ever live:
 Thus shall my book descend to distant times,
 And rapt posterity resound my rhymes:

By future *Beauties* shall each tome be prest,
And, with their lapdogs, live a parlour guest.

Thee, dearest FAME, some mercenaries hail,
Merely to gain their labours a good sale;
Or rise to fair preferment by thy tongue,
Though deaf as adders to thy charms of song:
Just as the hypocrites say pray'rs, sing psalms,
Bestow upon the blind and cripple alms;
Yield glory to the Pow'r who rules above,
Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
But, sneaking rascals! to obtain, when dead,
A comfortable lodging over head,
When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their spouses,
The vagrants quit their sublunary houses.

With tiresome invocation having done,
At length our glorious Epic may go on.
Lo! Madam SCHWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,
Was wondrous busy o'er a plate of ham;
A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
Rough as a bear, and as a jack-ass big;
In woods of *Westphaly* by hunters smitten,
And sent a present to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muses, say
Somewhat of Madam SCHWELLENBERG, I pray.
If ancient poets mention but a horse,
We read his genealogy of course:
Oh! say, shall horses boast the deathless line,
And o'er a *Lady's* lineage sleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
This woman saw the light without much pother;

That is — no grand commotions shook our earth ;
 Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth ,
 To say to what perfection she was born ,
 What wit, what wisdom should the Nymph adorn :
 No bees around her lips in clusters hung ,
 To tell the future sweetness of her tongue ;
 Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove
 To mark the soul of innocence and love ;
 No smiling Cupids round her cradle play'd
 To show the future conquests of the maid ,
 Whose charms would make the jealous sex her foes,
 And with their lightnings blast a thousand beaus.
 Indeed the Muse must own a trifling pother
 Sprung up between the father and the mother ;
 For, after taking methods how to gain her,
 They knew not how the dev'l they should maintain
 her.

Heav'ns ! what ! no prodigy attend *her* birth ,
 Who awes the greatest palace upon earth ?
 Yes ! a black cat around the bantling squall'd ,
 Join'd its young cries , and all the house appall'd :
 Now here, now there , he sprung with visage wild ,
 And made a bold attempt to kiss the child ;
 Bats pour'd in hideous hosts into the room ,
 And , imp-like , flitting , form'd a sudden gloom ;
 Then to the cradle rush'd the dark'ning throng ,
 And , raptur'd , shriek'd congratulating song ;
 Which song, in concert with the squalls of puss ,
 Seem'd, in plain German, « *Thou art one of us.* »
 In Strelitz first this Dame the light espy'd ,
 Born to a good inheritance of pride ;

For, howe'er paradoxical it be,
PRIDE pigs with people of a *low* degree,
As well as with your folks of fortune struts,
Like rats that live in palaces or huts,
Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
That dwell in beds of straw, or beds of state;
Or monkeys vile, whose tooth inglorious grapples,
Now with ananas, now with rotten apples.
Hail, PROTEUS PRIDE, whose various pow'rs of
Can swell the trumpet's loud and saucy note; [throat
And if a meaner air can serve thy turn,
In panting, quiv'ring sounds of Jews-harps mourn!
Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,
So abject who canst lick a patron's spittle;
Whine like a sneaking puppy at his door,
And turn the hind part of thy wig before;
Nay! if he orders, turn it inside out,
And wear it, Merry-Andrew like, about;
Heed not the grinning world a single rush,
But bear its pointed scorn without a blush!
Yet fain wouldst thou the crouching world bestride,
Just like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide;
The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
That proudly stretch'd his legs from shore to shore,
And saw of Greece the loftiest navy travel,
In dread submission, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride — great, little, humble, vain!
And now for Madam SCHWELLENBERG again.

Whether the Nymph could ever boast a grace
That deign'd to pay a visit to her face,

The MUSE is ignorant, she must allow;
 Yet knows this truth, that not one sparkles now.
 If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
 Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their
 dwelling.

This Nymph a mantua-maker was, I ween,
 And priz'd for cheapness by our saving Queen,
 Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money?)
 Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
 And plac'd her in a most important sphere —
 INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the Royal Geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Louse's tale
 At once she turn'd, like walls of plaster, pale.
 But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbled,
 And then to seek the LORD'S ANOINTED hobbled:
 HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,
 When Agamemnon took away his wh—,
 In all the bitterness of wrath she found;
 The Queen and Royal Children staring round.
 « O *Swelly!* » (thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,
 Whilst wild impatience wing'd each rapid word)
 For, lo! the *solemn* march of graceful speech,
 The King long since had bid to kiss his b—h.
 The broken language that his mouth affords
 Are heads and tails, and legs and wings of words,
 That give imagination's laughing eye
 A lively picture of a gible't pye.

« O *Swelly! Swelly!* » cry'd the furious King,
 « What! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing! —

- « That thus you come to ease my angry mind,
 « Indeed is very, very, very kind.
 « What's your opinion, hæ! » (the Monarch rav'd)
 « Yes, yes, the cooks shall ev'ry one be shav'd —
 « What! what! hæ! hæ! now tell me, *Swelly*, pray,
 « Shan't I be right in't? What! what! *Swelly*, hæ?
 « Yes, yes, I'm sure on't, by the Louse's looks,
 « That he belong'd to some one of the cooks.
 « Speak, *Swelly*; shan't we shave each filthy jowl?
 « Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my soul. »

To whom the DAME, with elevated chin,
 Wide-staring eyes, and broad, contemptuous grin:

- « Yes, sure as dat my soul is to be sav'd,
 « So sure de dirty rascals sal be shav'd.
 « Shav'd to de quick be ev'ry moder's son:
 « And curse me if I do not see it done!
 « De barbers soon der nasty locks sal fall on,
 « Nor leave vone standing for a Louse to crawl on.
 « If on der skulls de razor do not shine,
 « May gowns and petticoats no more be mine!
 « Curl, club, and pigtail, all sal go to pot,
 « For sush curs'd nastiness, or I'll be rot;
 « Or else to Strelitz let me quickly fly,
 « Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouse to de eye;
 « Where from his own mock trone de Prince, so
 « Can jomp into anoder Prince estate. [great,
 « Iss, by de God dat made dis eart and me,
 « No single lousy rascal sal go free! »

Reader, thou raisest both thy marv'lling eyes,
 In all the staring wildness of surprise;

As if the poet did not truth revere,
 And fanciest *gentlewomen* could not swear:
 Go, fool, and seek the ladies of the mud,
 Queens of the lakes, or damsels of the flood,
 Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call
 drabs,

Who vend at Billingsgate their sprats and crabs;
 Tell them their fish all stink, and thou wilt hear
 Whether fine *gentlewomen* ever swear:
 Nay! visit many of our courtly dames,
 When wrath their dove-like gentleness inflames;
 Lo! thou shalt find, by many a naughty word,
 They use small ceremony with the Lord,
 In spite of all that godly books contain,
 That teach them not to take his name in vain.

« Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks, » the
 KING reply'd;

« Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.

« Yes, yes, if I am master of this house —

« Yes, yes, the locks shall fall, and then the Louse. »

He spoke; and, to confirm the dreadful doom,
 His head he shook that shook the dining room:
 Thus JOVE of old, the dread, the THUND'RING GOD,
 Shook, when he swore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

« Yes » cry'd the KING, « yes, yes, their curls shall
 quake —

« But tell me, where, where, where's Sir FRANCIS
 DRAKE? »

O Reader, think not 'twas that DRAKE Sir
FRANCIS,

Whose wondrous actions seem almost romances;
Who shone in sense profound, and bloodiest wars,
And rais'd the nation's glory to the stars;
Who first in triumph sail'd around the world,
And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl'd:
But HE who skulks around the Royal kitchen,
Which if he catch a neighbour's dog or bitch in,
Lets fly, to strike the four-legg'd mumper dead,
A poker, or a cleaver, at his head.

Not *that* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE who, god-like, bore
Fair freedom, Science, to th' Atlantic shore;
To Pagans gave the Gospel's saving grace,
And planted Virtue 'midst a barb'rous race;
Spread on the darken'd realms the blaze of light,
But *he* who sees the spoons and plates are *bright*;
Sees that the knives before the King and Queen
Are, like the pair of Royal stomachs, *keen*:
Not *he*, whose martial frown whole kingdoms shook,
But he whose low'ring visage shakes a cook:
Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars,
But he, at London, who with linen wars,
Napkins and damask table-cloths * assails
With scissars, razors, knives, and teeth, and nails;

* It was a common practice in the last preceding reigns (the *present* being somewhat more economical) to tear and cut the Royal linen privately, which, on account of the teeth, knife, nail, or scissar wounds, were never more used, but went as perquisites to Treasurers and Masters of the Household.

Who dares with Doylies desp'rate war to wage ,
Such is *his* province and domestic rage ,
If, like his predecessors , he hath grace ,
And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place*.
'Twas not that DRAKE who bade his daring crew
Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through ;
But that important DRAKE, in office big ,
Instructing cooks to spit a goose or pig :
Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the nose ,
And prisons fill'd with Britain's graceless foes ;
But he who bids the geese , his pris'ners , die ,
And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pye :
He who , three times a week , a Green-cloth Lord ,
Sits , wisdom fraught , at that important Board
With wise compeers, in judge-like order studying
Whether the KING shall have a tart or pudding.
Not *he*, by virtues to the world endear'd ,
By foes respected , and by friends rever'd ;
Prompt to relieve the supplicating sigh ,
Who never dash'd with tears the asking eye ,
But wak'd of joy the long departed beam ,
Deep sunk in sorrow's unremitting stream : —
But *he*, with generosity at strife ,
Who never gave a sixpence in his life ;
Who , if he ever ask'd a friend to dine ,
Requested favours that outweigh'd his wine ;
From lane to lane who steals with wary feet ,
Just like the cautious hare that seeks his seat ;
Who , though a city * near him rears her head ,
And wealthy villages around him spread ,

* Exeter.

No friend, no neighbour near his mansion found,
Like CAIN surveys a solitude around.

'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man
From him who round the world with glory ran.
Forbid it, Heav'n! that e'er the MUSE untrue
Should give to any man another's due!

MUSE, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance
brewing,

To take a peep at what the Cooks were doing.
In that snug room, * the scene of shrewd remark,
Whose window stares upon the saunt'ring Park;
Where many a hungry bard, and gambling sinner,
In chop-fall'n sadness, counts the trees for dinner;
In that snug room where any man of spunk
Would find it a hard matter to get drunk; **
Where coy Tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
Nor Port nor Claret show their rosy faces;
But where old Adam's bev'rage flows with pride,
From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide;
Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and fish,
All club their joints to make one *handsome* dish;
Where stewpan covers serve for plates, I ween,
And knives and forks and spoons are never seen;
Where pepper issues from a paper bag,
And for a cruet stands a brandy cag;
Where Madam SCHWELLENBERG too often sits,
Like some old tabby in her mousing fits,

* The Larder.

** This will be deemed strange by my *country* readers;
but it is nevertheless true.

Demurely squinting with majestic mien,
 To catch some fault to carry to the QUEEN.
 In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks,
 Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID speaks,
 Around the table, all with sulky looks,
 Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, sat the cooks!
 At length, with phiz that show'd the man of woes,
 The sorrowing King of spits and stewpans rose.
 Like PAUL at Athens, very justly sainted,
 And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,
 With out-stretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
 He, fearless, thus harangues the ROASTING RACE;
 Whilst gaping round, in mute attention, sit
 The poor forlorn disciples of the spit.
 « Cooks, scullions, hear me ev'ry mother's son!
 « Know that I relish not this Royal fun.
 « GEORGE thinks us scarcely fit ('tis very clear)
 « To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear. »
 « Guts to a bear! » the Cooks, up-springing, cry'd:
 « Guts to a bear! » the Major loud reply'd.
 « Guts to the dev'l! » loud roar'd the Cooks again,
 And toss'd their noses high in proud disdain:
 The plain translation of whose pointed noses
 The reader needeth not, the bard supposes;
 But if the reason some dull reader looks,
 'Tis this: whatever Kings may think of Cooks,
 Howe'er crown'd heads may deem them low-born
 things,
 Cooks are possess'd of souls as well as Kings.
 Yet there are some who think (but what a shame!)
 Poor people's souls like pence of Birmingham,

Adulterated brass — base stuff — abhorr'd —
That never can pass current with the LORD;
And think, because of wealth they boast a store,
With ev'ry freedom they may treat the *poor*:
Witness the story that my Muse with tears
Relates, O Reader, to thy shrinking ears.

With feeble voice and deep desponding sighs,
With sallow cheek and pity asking eyes,
A WRETCH, by age and poverty decay'd,
For farthings lately to a NABOB pray'd;
The NABOB, turkey-like, began to swell,
And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.
« O! Sir, » the suppliant was heard to cry
(The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye)
« Though I'm in rags, and wondrous, wondrous
poor,
« And *you* with gold and silver cover'd o'er,
« There won't in heav'n such diff'rence, Sir, take
place,
« When we before the LORD come face to face. »
« *You* face to face with *me*! » the Nabob cry'd,
In all the insolence of upstart pride —
« *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear!
« I'll kick your backside, if I catch ye there. »
Oh, shocking blasphemy! oh, horrid speech!
Where was the fellow born? — the wicked wretch!
So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,
A bulse of di'monds from a Begum's nose,
Or make, like DOULAH, careless of his soul,
A new edition of the old Black Hole.

- « What's life, » the Major said, « my brethren,
 pray,
 « If force must snatch our first delight away?
 « Relentless shall the Royal mandate drag
 « The hairs that long have grac'd this silken bag;
 « Hairs to a barber scarcely worth a fig,
 « Too few to make a foretop for a wig?
 « Must razors vile these locks, so scanty, shave,
 « Locks that I wish to carry to my grave?
 « Hairs, look, my lads! so wonderfully thin,
 « Old SCHWELLENBERG hath more upon her
 chin? —
 « Yes, that she hath, » exclaim'd a Cook, « by God,
 « A damn'd old German good-for-nothing toad.
 « Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely bristles:
 « Curse me, I'd rather kiss a bunch of thistles.
 « Oh! were it but his Majesty's commands
 « To give her gentle jaw-bones to these hands;
 « I'd shave her, like a punish'd soldier, *dry*:
 « No killing sow shall make a sweeter cry:
 « I'd pay my compliments to Madam's chin;
 « I'd answer for't, I'd make the devil grin:
 « The razor most deliciously should work;
 « I'd trim her muzzle; yes, I'd scrape her pork:
 « I'd teach her to some purpose to behave,
 « And show the witch the nature of a shave.
 « O, woman, woman! whether lean or fat,
 « In face an *angel*, but in soul a *cat*!

He ended — when each mouth upon the stretch,
 Crown'd with a loud horse laugh the classic speech.

Too soon, alas! RESENTMENT seiz'd the hour,
 And JOKE resign'd his grin-provoking pow'r.
 RAGE dimm'd of MIRTH THE SUDDEN SUNNY SKY,
 And fill'd with gloomy oaths each scowling eye;
 While GRIEF, returning, took her turn to reign,
 Sunk ev'ry heart, and sadden'd ev'ry mien;
 Drew from their giddy heights the laughing
 GRACES —

For much is GRIEF dispos'd to bring down faces.

« Son of the spit, the Major, strutting cry'd :
 « I like thy spirit, and revere thy pride.
 « I'd rather hear thee than a bishop preach,
 « For thou hast made a very pretty speech.
 « Such is the language that the Gods should hear;
 « And such should thunder on the Royal ear.
 « Yet, son of dripping, though thou speak'st my
 notions,
 « We must not be too nimble in our motions.
 « Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt;
 « Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make sweet malt.
 « And yet again I bid you stand like rocks,
 » And battle for the honour of your locks.
 « Lo! in these aged hairs is all my joy;
 « To shave them, is my *being* to destroy.
 « What's life, if life has not a bliss to give?
 « And, if unhappy, who would wish to live?
 « CONTENT can visit the poor spider'd room;
 « Pleas'd with the coarserush mat and birchen broom;
 « Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,
 « With cheeks as round as apples, and as red;

« Where HEALTH with vigour nerves their backs
and hams ,
« Sweet souls ! though ragged as young colts or rams ;
« Where calmly sleep the parents with their darlings,
« Though nibbled by the fleas as thick as starlings ,
« Lull'd to their rest, beneath the coarsest rugs ,
« And dead to bitings of a thousand bugs.

« CONTENT, mild maid ! delights in *simple* things,
« And envies not the state of Queens or Kings ;
« Can dine on sheep's head , or a dish of broth ,
« Without a table or a table-cloth :
« Nor wishes, with the fashionable group ,
« To visit HORTON'S shop for turtle soup ;
« Can use a bit of packthread for a jack ,
« And sit upon a chair without a back ;
« Nay ! wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
« And use a wooden skewer for a fork.
« Sweet maid ! who thinks not shoes of leather shock-
« Nor feels the horrors of a worsted stocking ; [ing,
« Her temper mild , no huckaback can shock ,
« Though for her lovely limbs it forms a smock.
« Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls her face that shade,
« No graves are robb'd for hair to form a braid :
« Her breast of native plumpness ne'er aspires
« To swelling *merrythoughts* of gauze and wires,
« To look like crops of ducks (with labour borne)
« Stretch'd by a superfluity of corn.
« With Nature's hips she sighs not for *cork rumps*,
« And scorns the pride of pinching stays or jumps ;

« But, pleas'd from whalebone prisons to escape ,
 « She trusts to simple nature for a shape :
 « Without a warming-pan can go to bed ,
 « And wrap her petticoat about her head ;
 « Nor sigh for cobweb caps of Mechlin lace ,
 « That shade of Quality the varnish'd face.
 « Sweet nymph ! like doves, she seeks her straw-built
 « And in a pair of minutes is undrest ; [nest,
 « Whilst all the *fashionable* female clans ,
 « Undressing, seem unloading caravans.
 « No matter from what source contentment springs ;
 « 'Tis just the same in Cooks as 'tis in Kings ;
 « And if our souls are set upon our hair,
 « Let snip-snap barbers--nay ! let *Kings*, beware,
 « Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
 « And clap , like fools , the edge-tool to our skulls !
 « Tread on a *worm*, he shows his rage and pain ,
 « By turning on the wounding heel again :
 « Nay ! e'en *inanimates* appear to feel.
 « On the loose *stone* , if chance direct your heel ,
 « Lo ! from its womb the sudden stream ascends ,
 « To prove the foot was not among its friends ,
 « And , calling in the aid of neighbour mud ,
 « O'er the fair stocking spouts the sable flood.»

So spoke the Major, with resentment fir'd ;
 Spoke like a man ; indeed , like man *inspir'd*.
 Some Critic cries , with sharp , fastidious look :
 « Bard, bard, this is not language for a Cook»--
 « O snarler ! but I'll lay thee any wager,
 « It is not too sublime for a *Cook Major*.»

« Behold ! to remedy our sad condition , »
 The Major cry'd , « I've cook'd up a Petition :
 « This carries weight with it , or I'm mistaken ,
 « Shall shake the Monarch's soul , and save our
 bacon. »

Then jumping on a barrel , thus aloud
 He read sonorous to the gaping crowd.

Thus reads a parish-clerk in church a brief ,
 That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—
 Relief, alas ! that very rarely reaches
 The poor petitioners , the ruin'd wretches ;
 But (lost its way) unfortunately steers
 To fat churchwardens and fat overseers ;
 Improves its dish , augments the punch and ale,
 And adds new spirits to the smutty tale.

THE PETITION OF THE COOKS.

« YOUR Majesty's firm friends and faithful Cooks,
 « Who in your Palace merry liv'd as grigs ,
 « Have heard, with heavy hearts and downcast looks,
 « That we must all be shav'd , and put on wigs :
 « You, SIRE, who with *such honour* wear your Crown,
 « Should never bring on *our's* disgraces down.

« Dread Sir ! we really deem our heads our own ,
 « With ev'ry sprig of hair that on them springs :
 « In France, where men like spaniels lick the Throne,
 « And count it glory to be *cuff'd* by Kings ,
 « Their locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque* ,
 « Who swallows privileges like a shark.

- « Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance ;
 « We dare your Sacred Majesty assure ,
 « That there's a diff'rence between *us* and *France* ;
 « And *long*, we hope , that *diff'rence* will endure.
 « We know King LEWIS would, with pow'r so dread,
 « Not only cut the *hair* off , but the *head*.
 « Oh! tell us , Sir , in loyalty so true,
 « What dire designing ragamuffins said ,
 « That we , your Cooks , are such a nasty crew,
 « Great Sir! as to have crawlers in our head?
 « My Liege! you can't find one through all our
 « Not if you'd give a guinea for a louse. [house;
 « What creature'twas you found upon your plate ,
 « We know not; if a louse, it was not our's :
 » To shave each Cook's poor unoffending pate,
 « Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs.
 « The act humanity and justice shocks :
 « Let him who *owns* the crawler lose his locks.
 « But grant upon your plate this louse so dread ,
 « How can you say, Sir, it belongs to *us* ?
 « Maggots are found in many a princely head ;
 « And if a maggot, why then not a louse ?
 « Nay! grant the fact; with horror should you
 « It could not *eat* your Majesty, we think. [shrink?
 « Hunger, my Liege! hath oft been felt by Kings,
 » As well as people of *inferior state* ;
 « Quarrels with Cooks are therefore dangerous things,
 « We cannot answer for your stomach's fate ;
 « For by your size we frankly must declare,
 « You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

- « My liege! an Universe hath been your foes;
 « The times have look'd most miserably black;
 « America hath *try'd* to pull your nose;
 « French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *try'd* to bang your
 « 'Twould be a serious matter, let us tell ye, [back:
 « Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.
 « You see the spirit of your Cooks, then, Sire,
 « Determin'd nobly to support their locks;
 « And should your guards be order'd out to fire,
 « Their guns may be oppos'd by spits and crocks:
 « Knives, forks, and spoons may fly, with plates a
 « And all the thunder of the kitchen roar. [store,
 « NAT. GARDNER, Yeoman of the Mouth, declares
 « He'll join the standard of your injur'd Cooks;
 » Each scullion, turnbroche, for redress prepares,
 « And puts on very formidable looks:
 « Your women, too—*imprimis*, Mistress DYER,
 « Whose eggs are good as ever felt a fire:
 « Next Sweeper-general BICKLEY, Mistress MARY,
 « With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd Mistress LO-
 « ANN SPENCER, guardian of the Necessary; [MAN;
 « That is to say, the necessary woman:
 « All these, an't please you, Sir, so fierce, determine
 « To join us in the cause of hair and vermin.
 « There's Mistress STEWART, mister RICHARD DAY
 « Who find your Sacred Majesty in linen,
 « Are ready to support us in our fray—
 « You can't conceive the passion they have been in;
 « They swear, so much your scheme of shaving hurts,
 « You shan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or shirts.»

« The grocers, CLARKE and TAYLOR, curse the
scheme,

« And say, what e'er we do, the world won't blame
us;

« So COMBER says, who gives you milk and cream;

« And thus your old friend Mister LEWIS RAMUS:

« We think your Sacred Majesty would mutter

« At loss of sugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

« Suppose, an't please you, Sir, that Mistress KNUT-
TON

« And Mistress MARSHFIELD, fierce as tiger cats;

« One Overseer of all the beef and mutton,

« The other, Lady President of sprats—

« Suppose, in opposition to your wish,

« *This* locks away the flesh, and *that* the fish?

« Suppose JOHN CLARKER refuse supplies of mustard?

« So necessary to your beef and bacon;

« WILL ROBERTS, all the apple-pye and custard?

« Your Majesty would growl, or we're mistaken.

« Suppose that WELLS, to plague your stomach
studying,

« From Sunday, *sacrilegious*, steals the pudding?

« Suppose that RAINSFORTH with our *corps* unites—

« We mean the man who all the tallow handles;

« Suppose he locks up all the mutton lights,

« How could your Majesty contrive for candles?

« You'd be (excuse the freedom of remark)

« Like *some* Administrations, in the *dark*.

« We dare assure you that our grief is great ;
 « And oft indeed our feeling it enrages
 « To see your Sacred Majesty beset
 « By such a graceless gang of idle pages :
 « And, with submission to your judgment, Sire,
 « We think old Madam SCHWELLENBERG a liar.
 « Suppose, Great Sir, that by your cruel *fiat*,
 « The barbers shall attack our humble head,
 « And that we should not chuse to breed a riot,
 « Because we might not wish to lose our bread ;
 « Say, would the triumph o'er each harmless Cook
 « Make GEORGE THE THIRD like ALEXANDER look ?
 « Dread Sir, reflect on JOHNNY WILKES's fate,
 « Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble ;
 « WILKES had defiance to your frowns and state,
 « And got the better in that famous squabble ;
 « Poor was the victory you wish'd to win,
 « Which set the mouth of EUROPE on the grin.
 « O King ! our wives are in the kitchen roaring,
 « All ready in rebellion now to rise ;
 « They mock our humble method of imploring,
 « And bid us guard against a *wig* surprise :
 « *Your's* is the hair, « they cry, « th' Almighty gave ye,
 « And not a king in Christendom should shave ye. »
 « Lo ! on th' event the world impatient looks,
 « And thinks the joke is carried much too far :
 « Then, pray, Sir, listen to your faithful Cooks,
 « Nor in the Palace breed a civil war :
 » Loud roars our band, and, obstinate as pigs,
 « Cry, « Locks and Liberty, and damn the *wigs* ! »

THE ARGUMENT.

A sublime, natural, elegant, and original description of NIGHT—Modesty of the stars—Slumbering situation of their Majesties, with a compliment to their constancy—The charming PRINCESSES asleep—High compliments bestowed on them—A prophetic suggestion of courtship between one of our PRINCESSES and some great German Duke—An account of Mister MORPHEUS, vulgarly called the God of sleep—His civility to the people in giving them pretty dreams, by way of compensation for shutting up their mouths, eyes, and ears, for a dozen or fourteen hours together—The solemn amusements of SILENCE—A Night-picture of London—The palace, a night-scene—The goodness of certain COURT LORDS to the MAIDS of HONOUR—Kind embraces placed in a new light, and vindicated—More account of the Palace, containing a thirsty fly, a hungry cat, a starved bull-dog, and frost-nipped crickets—An account of MADAM FAME's journey to the Den of MADAM DISCORD—An account of MADAM DISCORD—An inventory of her cell—Account of her excursions; her pictures and music; her sudden flight to Buckingham House; Assumes the shape of Madam SCHWELLENBERG; Whispers his Majesty—The speech to Majesty—Majesty's fine answer in his sleep—DISCORD quits Majesty; takes the form of MADAM HAGGERDORN, goes to the MAJOR's bed side, and whispers rebellion to him; Her speech—The MAJOR sits upright in his bed; handles his pig-tail—The MAJOR's most pathetic curses; his sensible soliloquy on wigs; his attack on Kings in general, and praise of our most gracious King in particular—The MAJOR strikes a light; a rich comparison; visits a Master Cook—Vast difference between a battle fought in a field, and in a newspaper—The descent of the Cooks to the kitchen—A great and apt comparison—The Cooks look about for day-light

with horror—The situation of their souls described ; finely illustrated by a GREAT WOMAN's apprehensions for her fine diamond stomacher--Lord EGL---T-N and an old Maid—A most tender and just apostrophe to the frail FAIR-ONES of the Town ; a tear dropped on their unhappy condition ; their part taken by the poet ; and, in a great measure, vindicated--The Poet's thunder-bolt launched at a certain great Limb of the Law by way of palliation--A short, yet most charming reflection on the female heart when in love--The Poet returns to the Cooks ; continues to describe their dread of day-light by more apt comparisons of hungry authors--General Conflagration--Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS and the BISHOP of EXETER--Some allusion to his Majesty's journey to Exeter--Extracts from a manuscript poem of a Devonshire Humourist, one JOHN PLOUGHSHARE--the MAJOR vainly endeavours to banish his fears by whistling and humming a couple of tunes--The names of the unsuccessful tunes--The MAJOR's choice of them only known to the great AUTHOR of NATURE.

THE
LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE THIRD.

*Magnum iter ascendo, sed dat mihi Gloria vires—
Non juvat ex facili lecta corona jugo.* PROPERTIUS.

*Bold is th' ascent, but GLORY nerves my pow'rs;
I like to pick on precipices, flow'rs.*

NIGHT, like a widow in her weeds of woe,
Had gravely walk'd for hours our world below:
Hobgoblins, spectres in her train, and cats;
Owls round her hooting mix'd with shrieking bats,
Like wanton Cupids in th' Idalian grove,
That flickering sport around the Queen of Love.
Now like our Quality, who darkling rise,
Each star had op'd its fashionable eyes;
Too proud to make appearance, too well bred,
Till SOL, the *vulgar wretch*, had gone to bed.

His wisdom dead to sublunary things,
In leaden slumber snor'd the *best* of Kings:
In slumber lifeless, with seraphic mien,
Close at his back, too, snor'd his *gentle* Queen:
Unlike the pair of modern days, that weds,
And, in *one* fortnight, bawls for diff'rent beds!

Blest Imp! now MORPHEUS o'er each Princess
 stole,
 And clos'd those radiant eyes that vainly roll!
 Eyes! Love's bright stars! but doom'd in vain to
 shine;
 For, ah! what youth shall say, "those orbs are mine?"
 Then, what are eyes, alas! the *brightest* eyes,
 Forbid to languish on a lovers's sighs!
 The pouting lip, the soft luxuriant breast,
 If coldly fated never to be press'd?
 Ah, vainly *those* like dew-clad cherries glow;
 And *this* as vainly vies with Alpine snow!
 The breath that gives of Araby the gales,
 The voice that sounds enchantment, what avails!
 The Juno-form, the purple bloom of May,
 Gifts of the Graces, all are thrown away!

But, possibly, some German Duke may move,
 And make a *tendre* of his heavy love!
 His wide dominions—miles, p'rhaps, nine or ten;
 His Myrmidonian phalanx—fifty men!
 But, lo! his *heart*, the fount whence honour springs,
 Swell'd with the richest blood of ancient kings!
 He comes! not for high birth, his own before!
 Great Duke! he comes to woo our golden ore,
 And add (how truly happy Britain's fate!)
 Another leech to suck the sanguine state;
 To join (composing what a goodly row!)
 The Place-broker, old Schwellenberg and Co.

Now MORPHEUS (in compassion to mankind,
 Made, by his magic, deaf, and dumb, and blind)

Amus'd with dreams man's ambulating soul,
 To recompense him for the time he stole;
 Bade the beau dance, his Delia melt away,
 Who box'd his ears so cruel through the day;
 Of ancient damsels eas'd the love-sick pains,
 Brought back lost charms, and fill'd their laps with
 swains;

Gave placid cuckoldom a constant dame;
 To brainless authors, bread and cheese and fame;
 Made driv'ling Monarchs schemes of wisdom plan,
 And Nature's rankest coward kill his man;
 Gave to the chop-fall'n courtier wealth and pow'r,
 Who felt no favour at the levee hour,
 Though tip-toe'd, hawk-like, watchful all the while
 To seize the faintest glimpse of Royal smile;
 Bade happy Aldermen assume new airs,
 Be-chain'd with all the splendor of Lord May'rs;
 And bade them too (without a groat to pay)
 Re-gobble all the turtle of the day:
 Bade GL — R think his might could match a
 mouse,

And CHAMBERS fancy he could build a house;
 And LADY MOUNT, th' antipodes of Grace,
 Think that she does not *frighten* with her face.

Now SILENCE in the country stalk'd the dews,
 As if she wore a flannel pair of shoes,
 Lone list'ning, as the Poets well remark,
 To falling mill-streams, and the mastiff's bark,
 To loves of wide-mouth'd cats, most mournful
 To hoot of owls amid the dusky vales, [tales!

To hum of beetles, and the bull-frog's snore,
The spectre's shriek, and ocean's drowzy roar.
Lull'd was each street of London to repose,
Save where it echo'd to a WATCHMAN's nose;
Or where a WATCHMAN, with ear-piercing rattle,
Rous'd his brave brothers from each box to battle;
To fall upon the CYNTHIAS of the night,
Sweet Nymphs! whose sole profession is Delight!
Thus the gaunt wolves the tender lambs pursue,
And hawks, in blood of doves, their beaks imbrue!
Thus on the flies of evening rush the bats,
And mastiffs sally on the am'rous cats!

Still was the Palace, save where now and then
The tell-tale feet of love-designing men,
Night-wand'ring Lords, soft patting on the floor,
Of maids of Honour sought the chamber door;
Obliging door! that, op'ning to the tap,
Admitted Lords to take a social nap,
And chase most kindly from each timid maid
The ghosts that frightful haunt the midnight shade!
For very horrid 'tis, we all must own,
For poor defenceless Nymphs to lie alone;
Since nights are often doleful, dark, and drear,
And raise in gentle breasts a world of fear.
Nay, were not Lords ordain'd for Ladies' charms!
To guard from perils dire, and dread alarms?
Yes! and like lock'd-up gems those charms to keep,
Amidst the spectred solitude of sleep.
How wicked then to fly in NATURE's face,
And deal damnation on a kind embrace!

Pardon, ye grave Divines! this doctrine strange,
Who think my morals may have got the mange.
Still was the Palace, save where some poor fly,
With thirst just ready to drop down and die,
Buzz'd faint petitions to his Maker's ear,
To show him one small drop of dead small beer;
Save where the cat, for mice, so hungry, watching,
Swore the lean animals were scarce worth catching,
Save where the dog so gaunt, in grumbling tone,
By dreams deluded, mouth'd a mutton bone;
Save where, with throats to sounds of horror strain'd,
Crickets of coughs and rheumatisms complain'd,
Lamenting sore, amid a Royal hold,
« How hard that crickets should be kill'd by cold! »

NOW FAME to DISCORD's dreary mansion flew,
To tell the Beldame more than all she knew,
Who, at the Devil's table, for her work,
For ever welcome finds a knife and fork:
DISCORD, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,
Lean, sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supply'd,
Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin;
DISCORD, who, pleas'd a universe to sway,
Is never half so bless'd as in a fray:
DISCORD, to deeds, indeed, most daring giv'n,
Who bade vile Satan raise a dust in Heav'n;
Stirr'd up the sweetest angels to rebel,
And sunk the fairest forms to darkest Hell;

Bade, by her din, the humblest spirits rise
 Bold to dethrone the Monarch of the Skies;
 For which they very *properly* were sent,
 Unhappy Legions! into banishment;
 Doom'd, for such most abominable sinning,
 To broil on charcoal, with eternal grinning.

DISCORD, who whisper'd to the jealous Cain,
 «Go crack thy brother's box that holds his brain;»
 Which Cain perform'd, in godliness unstable,
 That foe to piety and brother Abel;
 DISCORD, who haunts poor G——'s maudlin DAME,
 And makes the Duke of Wisdom cry out «Shame!»
 Who, *after* dinner, for her honours screams,
 And grasps a British crown in drunken dreams;
 Then roars as though (what richly she deserves)
 The Duke had clapp'd a broomstick to her nerves:
 DISCORD, who also often doth profane
 The goodly streets and courts of Drury-lane;
 Where bawd meets bawd, blaspheming, swearing,
 drunk,
 Pimp knocks down pimp, and punk abuses punk:
 DISCORD, delighting in the wordy war,
 The pillar of the Senate and the Bar:
 DISCORD, who makes a King delight in ode,
 Slight Square of Hanover * for Tott'nham Road;
 Where, with the taste sublime of Goth and Vandal,
 He orders the worst works of heavy Handel;

* Gallini's Rooms are in this Square, in which is performed the celebrated Professional Concert.

* *Encores* himself, till all the audience gape,
 And suffers not a quaver to escape:
 DISCORD, all eye, all mouth, all ear, all nose,
 For ever warring with a world's repose!

When FAME arriv'd, the shaming tale to tell,
 Pleas'd was the red-ey'd Fury in her cell,
 Where scorpions crawl'd, where screech'd that
 noisy fowl,
 Known in great Britain by the name of OWL;
 Bats shriek'd, and grillatalpas join'd the sound,
 Cats squall'd, pigs whin'd, and adders hiss'd around.

Close to the restless wave her mansion lay,
 Receding from the beam of cheerful day;
 Hence on black wing the HAG was wont to roam,
 And join the witches 'mid the stormy gloom;
 Howl with delight amid the thunder's roar;
 Hang o'er the wrecks that crowd the billowy shore;
 See 'midst each flash, the heads of seamen rise,
 And drink with greedy ears their drowning cries.
 Around her dwelling various portraits hung,
 Of those whose noisy names in hist'ry rung.
 Here, with spread arms, whom Grace and Fury fill,
 Thund'ring damnation, star'd Stentorian HILL:
 There curs'd, SIR JOSEPH BANKS, in quest of
 fame,
 At finding fleas and lobsters not the same.

* This was a most ludicrous circumstance that happened
 not long since, when his majesty and the Orchestra were
 left to themselves and *God Save the King*.

Here a prime fav'rite, of a sainted band,
Hell in his heart, and torches in his hand;
LORD GEORGE, by mobs huzza'd, and, what is
odd,
Burning poor Papists for the love of God;
Pleas'd as old NERO, on each falling dome,
Sublimely fiddling to the flames of Rome!
'There, in respect to Kings, not over nice,
That Revolution-sinner — DOCTOR PRICE;
Whose labours, in a most uncourtly stile,
Win not, like *gentle* BURKE's, the Royal smile;
Gain not from *good* DIVINES both praise and thanks,
Call'd, by the wicked, « Gospel Mountebanks,
« Mere Quack pretenders, from their lofty station,
« Puffing off idle *nostrums* of Salvation;
« Who, where the milk and honey flows, resort,
« Like rooks in corn fields, black'ning all the Court.»
Here, leading all her bears so savage forth,
Wild rag'd the AMAZONIAN of the North,
With RUIN leagu'd, t'attack the Turkish hive,
And leave not half a Mussulman alive:
There storm'd a VIXEN, far and near renown'd
For *sweetness, meekness, piety profound!*
Her Sons abusing (in abuses old)
With all the fury of a German scold!
These, with some scores, were seen, of equal fame,
Thanks to a lonely taper's livid flame!
The form of MADAM SCHWELLENBERG she took,
Her broken English, garb, and sin-like look;
Then sought the Palace and the Royal ear,
And whisper'd thus: « Mine God, Ser, nebbber fear —

- « Oh , please your Majesty, you ver ver right:
 « Shave all de rascal , if but out of spite.
 « Lord ! Lord ! how will a mighty Monarch look ,
 « Not able , O mine God ! for shave a cook !
 « *Dat* like a king , I say, what can't do dat ?
 « Mine God ! pray haf more spirit dan a cat.
 « Ser , in mine court , de prince be great as king—
 « He scorn to ax one word about a ting.
 « Mine God ! de cook muss nebber dare make groan,
 « Nor dare to tell a Prince der soul der own:
 « 'Tis de dam Englis only, dat can say,
 « Boh ! fig for king ! by God , I'll haf my way. »
 « I haf see court enough — a Prince and Dook ,
 « But nebber vish on sush as dis to look :
 « I say, ver often to myself — Goode God !
 « I nebber wish a crown mine head for load !
 « I do not vish myself more greater efils:
 « A King of Englis be a King of defils.
 « To punishment de lousy rascal bring ,
 « And show dem all wat 'tis for be a King ,
 « America haf cover us vid shame ;
 « Jack Wilkes , too , be a dam , dam uglish name ;
 « And sal de paltry Cook be conqueror too ? —
 « No, God forbid ! as dat will nebber do.
 « De hair muss fall before your royal eye ,
 « 'Tis someting, fags ! to triumph 'pon poor fly. » —
 Pleas'd with her voice, the King of Nations smil'd,
 For Pow'r with Monarchs is a fav'rite child :
 « What ! what ! not shave 'em , shave 'em shave 'em,
 shave 'em ?
 « Not all the world, not all the world shall save 'em.

« I'll sheer 'em, sheer 'em, as I sheer my sheep. » —
 Thus spoke the mighty Monarch in his sleep :
 Which proves that Kings in sleep a speech may
 Equal to what they utter broad awake. [make,

Charm'd with the mischief full on Fancy's view,
 Quick to the Major's room the FURY flew:
 Put off the form of SCHWELLENBERG, and took
 Of MADAM HAGGERDORN the milder look :
 A woman in whose soul no guile is seen,
 The Mistress of the Robes to our good Queen —
 A Queen, who really has not got her peer;
 A Queen, to this our kingdom wondrous *dear*;
 Which shows, however folks are apt to sport,
 That all the virtues may be found at court.
 Now, in the MAJOR's ear the Beldame said,
 « YAN DIXON — YAN, you must not, man, be
 'fraid.

« I like mush your peteeshon to de King,
 « Though GEORGE will swear 'tis dam, dam saucy
 « And swear, dat as his soul is to be save, [ting;
 « Dat ebbry von of you sal all be shave :
 « YAN DIXON, rader your dear life lay down,
 « Dan be de laugh (mine Gote) of all de town.
 « De ver, ver littel boy an girl you meet,
 « Vill point and laugh and hoot you trow de street.
 « De same (mine Gote!) will chimney-sweep
 behave,
 « And cry, 'Dere go de blockhead dat was shave :'
 « Dere go von poor shave fellow!' cry de Trull,
 « 'Because he had de louse upon his scull.'

« I know he say, dat you sal louse your lock,
« Before to-morrow mornin twalfe o'clock.
« I tink dere may be battel — nebber mind,
« I hope dat Godamighty will be kind.
« What if de King make noise about de house,
« For noting but dis dam confounded louse;
« He be but von, you know; and den for you,
« Mine Gote! YAN DIXON, you is fifty two:
« Tink, YAN, how GEORGE was frighten by de mob,
« When Lord GEORGE GORDON make dat burnin
 job.
« Mine Gote! YAN, mind me, rader lose dy place,
« Dan suffer such dam nasty dam disgrace.
« I tell you true, indeed, ver true, dear Yan,
« His Majesty be ver goot sort of man;
« But ver ver like indeed as oder men,
« Dat is, a leetel stubborn now an den.
« Tink, Yan, of dat very ugly ting, a wig,
« For pot-boy and de pot-girl run der rig!
« Boh! filthy ting, enough de deffil scare;
« And made perhap of dismal dead man's hair!
« I sall not wonder if, dy soul for shock,
« A ghost come seize upon der stolen lock.
« No, fags! nor vonders if dey come an pull
« De vig vid mush, mush fury from dy scull.
« 'Pon some poor strumpet head perhap dat grow'd,
« Dat die of dam dissorder, nasty toad! »—
Thus saying, lo! the Fury made retreat,
And left the Lord of Saucepans in a sweat.
Just like King Richard in his tent, John rear'd,
And verily a man of woes appear'd.

Now handling his small pig-tail: « Now you're here, »
 Exclaim'd the MAJOR, « but not long, I fear :
 « Perhaps some good may follow this same dream,
 « And resolution mar this shaving scheme.
 « Curs'd be the Louse that so much mischief bred,
 « And yields to barbers' boys the harmless head :
 « Curs'd be the razor maker, curs'd the prig
 « Who thought upon that greasy thing--a wig.
 « Sure, 'twas some mangy beast, some scabby rogue,
 « Who brought a thing so filthy into vogue !
 « Had NATURE meant the scare-crow to be worn,
 « Infants with wigs had certainly been born.
 « But, lo ! with little hair, and that uncurl'd,
 « But not with wigs, they come into the world !
 « What shame, that sheep, that horses, cows, and
 bulls,
 « Should club their tails, to furnish Christian skulls !
 « But what a sacrilegious shame, the *dead*
 « Can't keep, poor souls, their locks upon their head !
 « What shame, the spectres, in the midnight air,
 « Should wander, screaming for their plunder'd
 hair !
 « Curs'd be the shaving plan, I say again,
 « Although the bantling of a Royal brain ! »

Thus curs'd the MAJOR to NIGHT's list'ning ear,
 Enough to turn a Christian pale to hear !
 Thus, heedless of hereafter, for a pin
 Will men and women run their souls in sin !
 Now paus'd the MAJOR, with a thoughtful air !
 And now soliloquy'd with solemn stare ;

« Drunk with dominion, gorg'd with vicious
thoughts,
« With Folly teeming, doz'd by Flatt'ry's draughts,
« Taught to admire their very maudlin dreams,
« And think their brains dull mudpools, WISDOM's
streams,
« Too many a monarch lives ; but, lo ! not ours !
« A King, who WISDOM's very self devours ;
« Snaps at arts, sciences, where'er they rise,
« With all the fire of boys at butterflies.
« *Such* cannot surely own a little heart ;
« Therefore our locks and we *may* never part. »
Now, from a stool, a tinder-box he took,
And fiercely with the stone the steel he struck ;
And, after many unsuccessful shocks,
The sparks inflam'd the tinder in the box ;
Which, by a match which JOHN did sagely handle,
Gave sudden lustre to a farthing candle.
Thus, if small things with great we may compare,
We see hard pedagogues, with furious air,
Strike with the fist, and often with a stick,
Light through a scholar's scull, ten inches thick.

Now, full illuminated, DIXON stole,
Where lay a Master-cook within his hole :
From whence, to all th' inferior Cooks they went,
Inclin'd to Opposition's big intent ;
But, not so fierce alas ! for opposition,
As in the threat'ning, bullying Petition ;
For men (it is reported) dash and vapour,
Less on the field of battle, than on paper,

Thus, in the hist'ry of each *dire* campaign,
More carnage loads the news-paper than plain.
And now the Cooks and Scullions left each nest;
And now, behold! they one and all were drest.

Lo! sullen to the kitchen mov'd the throng,
Gloom on each eye, and silence on each tongue;
How much like crape-clad mourners round a bier;
But, ah! impress'd with sorrow more sincere;
For oft, at *tombs*, with joy the bosom burns—
There, 'tis the *sable black* alone that mourns.
Now making, with a few dry chips a fire,
They sullen sat, their grief commix'd with ire;
Sad ruminating all around the flame,
Like Harry and his band, of deathless name,
Near Agincourt, expectant of the day,
Big with the horrors of a bloody fray;
A fray that threaten'd his poor little band,
To sweep it, just like spiders, to that land
Terra incognita yclep'd, which stretches
Afar--of which, imperfect are our sketches;
Since all who have survey'd this distant bourn,
So welcom'd, were not suffer'd to return.
Thus did the Cooks expect the fatal morn,
When, sheep-like, every head was to be shorn.

Now to the whitening east they cast their sight,
And wish'd, but vainly, an eternal night:
Not with less pleasure stares upon the day,
The wretch condemn'd hard Nature's debt to pay;
Condemn'd ere noon to act a deed abhorr'd:
To stretch, for justice' sake, the fatal cord:

Not with less pleasure shrunk (unknown to shame)
 A meat, drink, snuff, and di'mond loving DAME,
 When told that, « If poor Hastings went to pot,
 « Away went pearls, and jewels, and what not,
 « Torn from the stomacher so fine, yet foul,
 « Which AV'RICE thirsted for, and RAPINE stole :»
 Not with less pleasure, in the vale of life,
 Poor EGL-N-T-N beheld a youthful wife,
 (Forc'd, on a bed of ice, sweet flow'r, to bloom!
 Ah! forc'd to shine a sun-beam on a tomb!)
 That blooming youthful wife, inclin'd to stray,
 With HAMILTON, all in a billing way,
 Just like two turtles, or a pair of lambs,
 Or ewes so playful with the frisky rams:

Not with less glee an old and hopeless maid
 Surveys the sun ascending from the shade;
 A sun, that gives a younger sister's charms,
 So hated, to a bridegroom's happy arms:
 Not with less joy, that raging chaste old maid
 Sees the frail Fair-ones in the Cyprian trade
 Escape the whip and gaol, and hemp beside,
 By means of *gentle* MISTER JUSTICE HYDE.
 Sweet wrecks of beauty! though, with aspic eye,
 And glance disdainful, PRUD'RY pass them by,
 With mincing step, and squinting cautious dread,
 As though their looks alone contagion shed;
I view each pallid WRETCH with grief sincere,
 And call on PITY for her tend'rest tear;
 See, on their cheeks, the blush of VIRTUE burn!
 Hear from their souls the sigh of RUIN mourn!

View, veil'd in HORROR's gloom, their swimming
 eyes,
 Beaming with hopeless wishes to the skies,
 Like the pale MOON's dim solitary form,
 Wrapp'd in the darkness of the midnight storm!
 Too oft, by TREACH'RY's winning smile betray'd,
 Too fondly trusting, falls the simple maid!
 Too many a TH-L-E walks the world of woe,
 To soul of INNOCENCE the sacred snow!
 To love, yet nurse the thought of villain art,
 How hard a lesson for the *partial* heart!
 Too hard a lesson for the female soul,
 Where LOVE no partner owns, and scorns controul.

Not with less pleasure doth a Poet look
 On cruel criticism, which damns his book,
 Or recommends it to that peaceful shore,
 Where books and bards are never heard of more,
 Than look'd each man, with lengthen'd boding
 beard,
 On that sad morn which doom'd them to be sheard:
 Not with less pleasure, likewise, let me say,
 A hungry author sees his dying play;
 Child of his dotage, who surveys its fall,
 Just as mankind shall view the tumbling Ball,
 When sun, moon, stars, and all the distant spheres,
 Burst in one gen'ral wreck about their ears.
 Not with less pleasure did * SIR WILLIAM's eye
 See SOMERSET's bold wing desert its sky;

* This gentleman still retains the place of Comptroller
 of the Board of Works to the Kingdom's surprise; but de-

A fall, at which the Nation's purse exclaims,
 That thund'ring crush'd the back of roaring *Thames*:
 Not with less pleasure did SIR WILIAM's ear,
 A *second* crash of this fam'd fabric hear;
 When poor SIR JOSHUA, with his painting band,
 Swore the dread day of judgment just at hand.
 Not with less glee, tenacious of his dross,
 Ross ** started, Reader! not the Man of Ross—
 When MAJESTY, to rest his royal head,
 Ask'd of the Church's mitred Son a bed;
 Poor man! who proving, like his Sovereign, poor,
 Begg'd him to knock at good DEAN BULLER's door;

merit in Building, as well as in Painting, is a sufficient recommendation to a *certain species* of *Patrons*, particularly if the Professors are despised by the people at large. It is the money of this nation that is sought for, not the merit. The circumstance of being a foreigner too (for this same Sir William Chambers is a Swede) carries with it another strong claim to favouritism.

** The present Bishop of Exeter, who, when his *Majesty* visited that ancient City lately, *most handsomely* excused himself the honour of entertaining his *Royal Master*, by billeting him upon Dean Buller. The following lines, extracted from a manuscript performance of one John Ploughshare, called *The Royal Progress*, we think, will elucidate this part of our Epic, and not be unacceptable to our readers.

« In comm'd the King at laste to town,
 « With doust and zweet az nutmeg brown,
 « The hosses all in smoke;
 « Huzzaing, trumpeting, and ringing,
 « Red colours vleeing, roaring, dringing,
 « Zo mad seem'd all de voke.

BULLER, who took his wand'ring master in,
And stuff'd with corn and oil his scrip and skin;

« Wiping his zweaty jaws and poll,
« All over doust we spied 'Squire Rolle,
 « Close by the King's coach trattin;
« Now shoving in the coach his head,
« Meaning (we thoft) it might be zed,
 « 'Squire Rolle and George be chattin. »

« Now went the Aldermen and May'r,
« Zome with cut wigs, and zome with hair,
 « The Royal voke to ken;
« When Measter May'r, upon my word,
« Pok'd to the King a gert long sword,
 « Which *he* pok'd back agen.

« Now thoose that round his worship stood,
« Declar'd it clumsily was dood;
 « Yet Squirt, the people zay,
« Brandish'd a gert hoss glyster-pipe,
« To make un in his lesson ripe,
 « That took up half a day.

« Now down droo Vore-street did they com,
« Zum hallowin, and screeching zum:
 « Now trudg'd they to the Dean's;
« Becaze the Bishop zent mun word,
« A could not meat and drink avord,
 « A had not got the means. »

« A zed, that, « az vor he, poor man,
« A had not got a pot or pan,
 « Nor spoon, nor knife, nor vork;
« That he was weak, and ould, and squeal,
« And seldom made a hearty meal,
 « And zeldom drade a cork. »

For which (on gratitude so wont to dote)
The Monarch gave a TUMBLER — worth a groat !

« Indeed, a is a moderate man,
« And zo be all the clargy clan,
 « That with un come to chatter ;
« Who, when they're ax'd to a glass of wine,
« To one the wother they tip the sign,
 « And beg my Lord's fine water.

« Then az vor rooms--why, there agen,
« A could not lodge a cock, nor hen,
 « They were zo small, » he zed ;
« And, as vor beds. they wudn't do,
« In number about one or two.
 « Vor self and Joan the maid. »

« In voolish things, a wudn't be cort ;
« 'Twas stoopid to treat vokes for nort :—
 « No ; twanz't heese desire.
« Prefarment, too, waz to an eend ;
« The King woud never more vor'n zend,
 « To lift un one peg higher.

« And yet vokes zay's a man o' sense,
« Honest and good—but hoardth his pence ;
 « Can't peart with drink nor meat ;
« And then why vote ? »—the peepel rail :—
« To greaze a vat ould pig in the tail—
 « Ould Weymouth o' Long Leat. »

‘ Well, to the Dean's, bounce in they went,
‘ And all the day in munchin spent,
 ‘ And guzlin, too, no doubt ;
‘ And, while the *Gentry* drink'd *within*,
‘ The *Mob*, with brandy, ale, and gin,
 ‘ Got roaring drunk *without*.’

O glorious act ! an act how seldom seen !
 O what a day of gladness for the Dean !
 A gift so rare , so noble , so sublime ,
 Will stupify the sons of distant time !
This, let the BULLER family record ;
 This brittle treasure let the BULLERS hoard ;
 Yet show, exulting, upon gala days,
 To bid some favour'd GUEST admire and praise.—
 Now did the MAJOR hum a tune so sad !
 Chromatic, in the robes of sorrow clad :
 But, lo ! the ballad could not fear controul ,
 Nor exorcise the Barbers from his soul :
 And now his lifted eyes the ceiling sought ;
 And now he whistled — not for want of thought.
 A mournful air the whistling MAJOR chose :
 Still on his rolling eye the razors rose.
 From grave to sprightly now he chang'd — a jig —
 Still o'er his haunted fancy wav'd the wig ;
 Still saw his eye, alarm'd, the * Scratch abhorr'd,
 Like wild Macbeth's, the visionary sword. —
 Thus, from what Kings, alas ! may fancy fun,
 His loving subjects may be glad to run :
 Thus, when SAINT SWITHEN from his fountain
 pours
 (SAINT SWITHEN, tutelary Saint of show'rs)
 Beaux skip, belles scamper, fly the cocks and hens,
 With drooping plumage, to the shelt'ring pens ;

* A small wig, or rather an apology for a wig, so called,
 and generally worn by our most amiable and august Mo-
 narch.

While lo! the waddling ducks *Te Deum* utter,
Flap their glad wing, and gabble through the gutter.

Sing, MUSE! or, lo! our *Canto* not complete,
What air he humm'd, and whistled all so sweet.
HOMER, of ev'ry thing minutely speaks,
From Heaven's ambrosia, to a camp's beef-steaks,
Then let us, MUSE, adopt a march sublime,
And try to rival Homer with our rhyme;
Who, had a NIT, in JUNO's tresses bred,
Dropp'd on divine MINERVA's wiser head;
Or COOK-like FLEA, exploring some new track,
Hopp'd from the clouds to AGAMEMNON's back;
The BARD had sung the fall in verse divine,
And CRITICS heard the sound along the line.
JOVE call'd his JUNO only *saucy bitch*;
The POET thought it would his song enrich:
JOVE, too, just threaten'd, with some birchen rods,
To whip her publicly before the Gods;
The BARD (though but a flogging-bout at most)
Deem'd it indeed too sacred to be lost:
JOVE call'd his daughter only bitch and fool
(Poor PALLAS treated like a girl at school)
Threaten'd to ham-string her six fav'rite nags,
And tear her bran-new phaëton to rags;
The BARD, who never wrote an idle word,
Bade his bold verse the GOD's bold speech record:
And had the THUND'ERER but broke wind, the song
Had, imitative, born the blast along —
Then be it known to all the world around,
To folks above, and people under ground,

To fish and fowl, and every creeping thing —
Lillibullero, and *God save the King*,
Were actually the very airs he chose!
But wherefore — GOD ALMIGHTY only knows!



THE ARGUMENT.

MORNING and MAJESTY get out of bed together--A most solemn and pathetic address to the Muse with respect to *Omens*--A serious complaint against the Omens for their non-appearance on so *important* an occasion--The wives and daughters of the Cooks seek the Palace to encourage their husbands--A beautiful comparison of cocks and hens--The dismay of the Cooks--The natural history of eyes--MISTER RAMUS enters the kitchen--MISTER RAMUS is praised for dexterity in shaving MAJESTY--MISTER RAMUS's consequence with MAJESTY superior to that of great Ministers--MISTER RAMUS's *namby-pamby* named *Billy*, given by MAJESTY--The dread occasioned by MISTER RAMUS's appearance amongst the Cooks--MISTER SECKER, Clerk of the Kitchen, enters in a passion--MISTER SECKER threatens tremendously--A *wife* of one of the Cooks nobly answers MISTER SECKER, and vows opposition--MISTER SECKER replies with astonishment, vociferation, and threat--The HEROINE's rejoinder to MISTER RAMUS, with much sarcasm--MISTER SECKER groweth very wroth--Studieth revenge--PRUDENCE appeareth to him, and administereth great and wholesome advice--PRUDENCE becalmeth the Clerk of the Kitchen--A second HEROINE appeareth, speechifieth, threateneth--Slily alludeth to the immense wealth of *male* MAJESTY, and the heaps of diamonds belonging to *female* MAJESTY--Praiseth her husband's cleanliness, and denieth a louse-existence in his head, and squinteth at MISTER SECKER as the probable owner of the animal--MISTER SECKER rageth a second time--One of the finest comparisons in the world, between MISTER SECKER in a passion, and a LEG OF MUTTON and TURNIPS in the pot--The POET pauseth, moralizeth, and trembleth at that Devil, lately introduced to the world, called EQUALITY, the enemy

of MAJESTY—Some of the sweetest lines in the world on the occasion—PRUDENCE re-entereth to becalm MISTER SECKER by clapping her hand on his mouth—An inexpressible apt bottle-of-small-beer comparison—The COOK-MAJOR rises in wrath, and is very satirical on MISTER SECKER—The CLERK OF THE KITCHEN replies with intrepidity—A great deal of *good company* rush into the kitchen—MISTER SECKER commands silence, and announces the will of his Sovereign—The SOVEREIGN eloquently announceth also his own will—A *sweet and sublime comparison*, equal to any thing in HOMER.

THE
LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

WITH beauteous LAMBERT's blush , and RUS-
SEL's smiles ,
AURORA peep'd upon the first of Isles ;
And lo! to bleating flock , and whistling bird ,
Uprose the Sun , and uprose G. THE THIRD ,
Who left his Queen so charming , and her room ,
To talk of hounds and horses with the Groom:
Say, MUSE — what ! not *one* cloud with low'ring
looks
To gloom compassion on the heads of Cooks ?
What ! not *one* solitary omen sent ;
Not *one* small sign , to tell the great event ?
On CATO's danger , clouds of ev'ry shape
Hung on the firmament their dismal crape ;
AURORA wept , poor girl ! with sorrow big ;
And PHŒBUS rose without his golden wig !
But now the skies their usual manners lost ,
The sun and moon , and all the starry host !
No raven at the window flapp'd his wings ,
And croak'd portentous to the Cooks of Kings ;
No horses neigh'd , no bullocks roar'd so stout ;
No sheep , like sheep be-devil'd , ran about ;

No lightnings flash'd, no thunder deign'd to growl;
No walls re-echoed to the mournful owl;
No jackass bray'd affright; no ghost 'gan wail;
No comet threaten'd empires with his tail;
No witches, wildly screaming, rode the broom;
No pewter platters danc'd about the room.
Thus unregarded droop'd each menac'd head,
As though the omens all were really dead;
As unregarded (what a horrid slur!)
As though the Monarch meant to shave a cur!

Now to the kitchen of the Palace came
Full many a damsel sweet, and daring dame,
The wives and daughters of those Cooks forlorn
Whose luckless heads were threaten'd to be shorn:
Ire in each eye, and vengeance in each hand,
To cheer their husbands, pour'd the boastful band!
Thus, when the ancient Britons rush'd to battle,
Their wives intrepid join'd the gen'ral rattle;
Encouraging their husbands in the fray,
For fear some pale-nos'd rogues might run away:
O glorious act repelling coward fear!
Thus cocks fight bravest when the hens are near.

Now on the band of Ladies star'd the cooks,
And seem'd to shew hair-ruin in their looks.
Great is the eloquence of eyes indeed!
Much hist'ry in those tell-tale orbs we read:
What! though no bigger than a button-hole,
Yet what a wondrous window to the soul!
The bosom's joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
In lively colours are depicted here!

Now to the crowded kitchen RAMUS springs,
 RAMUS, call'd BILLY by the best of Kings;
 Who much of razors and of soap-suds knows,
 Well skill'd to take Great CÆSAR by the nose:
 Much by his Sovereign lov'd, a trusty Page,
 Who often puts great statesmen in a rage;
 Poor LORDS! compell'd against their will to *wait*,
 Though ass-like laden with affairs of State,
 Till Page and Monarch finish deep disputes
 On buckskin breeches, or a pair of boots!

Billy, a pretty name of love, so sweet,
 Familiar, easy, for affection meet!
 Thus formal *Patrick* is transform'd to *Paddy*,
 And *Father*, by the children christen'd *Daddy*:
 And OLIVER, who could e'en *Kings* control,
 By many a thousand is baptiz'd OLD NOLL.

Speak, READER, didst thou ever see a ghost?
 If so — thou stoodest staring, like a post:
 Thus did the Cooks on BILLY RAMUS stare,
 Whose frightful presence porcupin'd each hair.
 Now enter'd * SECKER — and now thus he spoke:
 « This Louse-affair's a very pretty joke!
 « Arn't you asham'd of it? you dirty dogs? —
 « Zounds! have you all been sleeping with the hogs?
 « But mind — you 'll be, to all your great delight,
 « Bald as so many coots before 'tis night.
 « No murmurs, gentlemen — 'tis all in vain:
 « When Monarchs order, who shall dare complain?»

* Late Clerk of the Kitchen.

Now from the female Band : a HEROINE rav'd
 « G-d curse me , if my husband *shall* be shav'd !
 « You shan't , you shan't the fellow's head dis-
 grace ;
 « I say the man shall sooner lose his place.
 « *Wigs* , like the very dev'l , I loath , I hate !
 « And curse me , if a *nightcap* hugs his pate ! »
 « How , IMPUDENCE ! the wrathful SECKER cry'd ,
 « With horror staring , and a mouth yard-wide —
 « Where , where's my stick , my cane , my whip , my
 switch ?
 « Who taught rebellion t'ye , you saucy bitch ? » —
 « *Myself* , with hands akembow , cry'd the Dame :
 « I tell ye , Mister SECKER , 'tis a shame !
 « I tell ye that the Cooks will all be fools
 « To suffer razors to come *near* their skulls.
 « *Bitch* too , forsooth ! the language of a hog !
 « If I'm a bitch , then *somebody's* a dog. »

Now all th' internal man of SECKER boil'd ;
 From thought to thought of turbulence he toil'd :
 Now , resolution-fraught , he wish'd to stick her ,
 Now in her face to spit , and now to kick her.
 But PRUDENCE in that very moment came ,
 And sweetly whisper'd to the man of flame :
 « Fie , SECKER ! kick a *woman* ! SECKER , fie !
 « On matter more sublime thy prowess try.
 « No glory springs from kicking wives of Cooks :
 « Strive to surpass great Kings in binding books ;
 « Transcend great Kings in forcing stubborn kine
 « To breakfast on horse-chesnuts , sup , and dine ;

« In educating pigs be thou as deep;
 « And learn, like Kings, to feel the rumps of sheep.
 « Go, triumph at the market-towns with wool:
 « Go breed for lady-cows the bravest bull;
 « Tow'r o'er the scepter'd GREAT in fat of lambs,
 « And rise a rival in the breed of rams.
 « These be thine acts; from hence fair glory flows,
 « Whose beam a bonfire round a Monarch glows.
 « Surpass in charity towards the poor;
 « Nor bully starving MERIT from the door.
 « Behold, for patronage lean GENIUS pant!
 « What, though the wealthy Great a *taste* may want,
 « Yet, would they cast their eyes on pining MERIT,
 « Those eyes would quickly warm her frozen spirit.
 « The *fool* may lift the MOURNER from the tomb,
 « And bid the buried seeds of Genius bloom.
 « Yes, fools of Fortune, did those fools incline
 « To look on humble WORTH, might bid her shine:
 « Thus tallow candles in a chandelier
 « Make the keen beauties of the glass appear,
 « Call into note a thousand trembling rays,
 « And share the merit of the mingled blaze.
 « The GREAT should bid like SUNS their treasures
 flow,
 « Whose beams wide spreading no distinction
 « But equal bid the crab and pine be ripe, [know;
 « And light at once a system and a pipe. »

Thus PRUDENCE spoke, when SECKER to the
 DAME
 Confess'd his fault, and stopp'd the bursting flame.

Now storm'd a *second* Heroine from the band,
Call'd JOAN, and full at SECKER made a stand!

« I say, TOM shan't be shav'd — he shan't — he
shan't —

« Leek porridge, stirabout, we'll sooner want;

« We'll rather hunt the gutters for our meat;

« Cry mack'rel, or sing ballads through the street;

« Foot stockings, mend old china, or black shoes,

« Sooner than TOM, poor soul! his locks shall lose.

« Humph! what a pretty hoity toity's here!

« THOMAS, I say, shan't lose his locks, poor dear!

« Shav'd too! 'cause people happen to be *poor*!

« I never heard of such a trick before.

« *Folks* think they may take freedoms with a
Cook —

« Go, ask your MASTER if he'd shave a *Duke*.

« No — if he dar'd to do it, I'll be curst:

« No, SECKER, he would eat the razor first.

« Good lord! to think *poor* people's heads to plun-
der!

« Why! Lord! are people drunk, or mad, I wonder?

« What! shall my poor dear husband lose his locks

« Because *a* ha'n't ten millions in the stocks?

« Because on me, forsooth, *a* can't bestow

« A di'mond petticoat, to make a show?

« Marry come up, indeed! a pretty joke!

« Any thing's good enough for humble folk:

« Shov'd here and there, forsooth! call'd dog and

« God bless us, well, because we are not rich! [bitch,

« People will soon be beat about with sticks,

« Forsooth, because they han't a coach and six.

« *A* shan't be shav'd, and I'm his lawful wife :
 « The man was never lousy in his life.
 « *As* what his *mother* says : his nearest kin —
 « ' Tom never had a blotch upon his skin,
 « ' But when *a* had the measles and small pox.
 « What *for*, then, shall the fellow lose his locks?
 « ' She never in her life-time saw (she says)
 « ' A tidier, cleaner lad, in all her days:
 « ' And all her neighbours said with huge surprise,
 « ' A finer boy was never seen with *eyes* !'
 « So, mister SECKER, let's have no more *touse* ;
 « Hunt further for the owner of the louse.
 « Sir, 'tis a burning *shame*, I'am bold to say,
 « To take poor people's character away.
 « Who knows the varmine is n't your own, odsfish !
 « You're fond of peeping into ev'ry dish. »

Again of SECKER boil'd th' internal man ;
 Thought urging thought again to rage began :
 Huge thoughts of diff'rent sizes swell'd his soul ;
 Now mounting high, now sinking low they roll !
 Bustling here, there, up, down, and round about ;
 So wild the mob, so terrible the rout !
 How like a LEG OF MUTTON in the pot,
 With turnips thick surrounded all so hot !
 Amid the gulph of broth, sublime, profound,
 Tumultuous, jostling, how they rush around !
 Now *up* the turnips mount with skins of snow,
 While restless lab'ring MUTTON dives below !
 Now, lofty soaring, climbs the leg of sheep,
 While TURNIP downward plunges 'mid the deep !

Strange such resemblances in things should *lie*!
 But what escapes the *Poet's* piercing eye?
 Just like the *Sun* : for what escapes his *ray*
 Who darts on deepest shade the golden day !

Muse , let us pause a moment—here we see
 A woman , certainly of low degree ,
 Reviling *folk* of elevated station ;
 Thus waging war with mild SUBORDINATION.
 Should sweet SUBORDINATION chance to die ,
 Adieu to Kings and Courtier-men so high ;
 Then will that IMP EQUALITY prevail ,
 Who knows no diff'rence between head and tail :
 Then MAJESTY , the lofty nose who lifts ,
 With tears shall wash and iron her own shifts ;
 To darn her stockings from her height descend ,
 Which now are giv'n to * MACKENTHUN to mend :
 Turn her fair fingers into vulgar paws ,
 And wash her dirty laces and her gauze.
 Then dimm'd are coronets that awe inspire ,
 And sceptres stuff'd , like faggots , in the fire ,
 Ne'er let me view the hour , my soul that shocks
 When female majesty shall wash her smocks :
 Such humbled grandeur let me never see :
 Soap-suds and Sov'reignty but ill agree :
 Malkin and Majesty but ill accord :
 Rubbers and Royalty are kin abhorr'd !
 Strange union ! 'tis the Vulture and the Bat :
 A gulph and mudpool — elephant and rat ;

* A lady, attendant on the Princesses.

A great Archbishop, and an Undertaker;
 The Muse of Epic and a riddle-maker;
 A roaring King in tragedy sublime;
 And he who plays poor Pug in Pantomime;
 The Lord who in the Senate wonder draws,
 Firm in the fair support of Freedom's cause,
 And that same Lord, behind the scenes, a snail,
 Who, crawling, of an actress * holds the tail;
 MARCHESI on the stage with steel and plume,
 And that MARCHESI in a lady's room;
 Sir JOSEPH,** Jove-like, with his hammer'd arm,
 Who thund'ring breaks of sleep the opiate charm;
 And *that* SIR JOSEPH, with a simple look,
 Collecting simples near the simple brook.

Again came PRUDENCE, quaker-looking *form*,
 Sweet-humour'd Goddess, to suppress the storm,
 Who clapp'd her hands (indeed an act uncouth)
 Full on the gaping hole of SECKER's mouth;
 Compressing thus a thousand iron words,
 Sharp ev'ry soul of them as points of swords:
 But soon her hand forsook his lips and chin,
 Who own'd the Goddess, and but gave a grin.
 Thus from a fretful bottle of small beer,
 If, mad, the cork should leap with wild career,
 Lo! to the bottle's mouth the butler flies,
 And with dexterity his hand applies!

* Miss Farren.

** Sir Joshua Banks. A part of his royal insignia is a hammer to knock down a dispute, and keep the Royal Society awake.

In vain the liquor bustles 'mid the dome ;
John quells all fury, and subdues the foam !
Now rose the MAJOR — « Mister SECKER — Sir ,
« You make in this affair a pretty stir !
« 'Twere doubtless a fine present, in a *box* ,
« To offer to our sovereign Lord, the locks :
« Some *vast* reward would follow, to be sure ;
« A pretty little, sweet, snug, *sinecure*.
« Yes — MASTER SECKER well can play his cards :
« Sublime achiev'ments claim sublime rewards.
« I humbly do presume, Sir, that his *Grace*
« Hath promis'd ye a warm Exciseman's place :
« *Some folks are Jacks-in-office*, fond of pow'r ! »
Thus spoke the COOK, like vinegar so sour.
« No matter, Master Major, what I get ;
« All that I know, is this, *your* heads shall sweat :
« I'll see the business done, depend upon't —
« I'll order matters, damn me ! if I don't :
« Yes, Master DIXON, you shall know who's
 who —
« Which is the better gemman, I or you. »
Thus answers SECKER to the man of woes,
And points his satire with a cock'd-up nose.
Scarce had he utter'd, when a noise was heard ;
And now behold a motley band appear'd !
With Babel sounds at once the kitchen rings,
Of Groom, Page, Barber, and the *best* of Kings,
And lo ! the *best* of Queens must see the fun ;
And lo ! the Princesses, so beauteous, run ;
And Madam SCHWELLENBERG came hobbling too ;
Poor lady, losing in the race a shoe !

But in revenge-pursuit the loss how slight!
The world would lose a *leg* to please a *spite*.

And now for *Peace* did SECKER bawl aloud;
And lo! PEACE came, sweet Goddess! 'mong the
crowd.

In courts of justice thus, to hush the hum,
« Silence! » the cryer calls, and all is mum —
« Cooks, Scullions, all, of high and low degree,
« Attend, and learn our Monarch's will from *me*.
« Our Sov'reign Lord the King, whose word is fate,
« Wills in his wisdom to see shav'd each pate:
« Then, Gentlemen, pray take your chairs at once;
« And let each Barber fall upon his scone. » —
Thus thunder'd SECKER with a Mars-like face,
And struck dire terror through the roasting race.
Thus roar'd ACHILLES 'mid the martial fray,
When ev'ry frightened Trojan ran away.

Calm was the crowd, when *thus* the King of Isles
Firm for the shave — but yet with kingly smiles —
« You must be shav'd — you shall, you must
indeed:

« No, no, I shan't let slip a single head —
« A very filthy, nasty, dirty trick —
« The thought on't turns my stomach — makes me
sick.

« Louse — louse — a nasty thing — a louse I hate: —
« No, no, I'll have no more upon my plate.
« One is sufficient — yes, yes — quite a store —
« I'll have no more — no more, I'll have no more. »

Thus spoke the King, like ev'ry king who gives
To trifles lustre that for ever lives!
Thus stinking vapours from the oozy pool,
Of cats and kittens, dogs and puppies full,
Bright SOL sublimes, and gives them golden wings;
The cloud on which *some* say, the *Cherub* sings.



THE ARGUMENT.

The humane Petition of the PRINCESS ROYAL—His M—y's rebukeful reply, full of Grandeur, and favorable to the Wig interest—The PRINCESS retires—As sublime a comparison as ever entered the head of man, as ADDISON said of his *Angel*-simile in his *famous* and long-forgotten Campaign—The PRINCESS AUGUSTA petitioneth with equal success—A most beautiful Comparison also on the occasion—The BARD again addresseth the MUSE—The COOKS turn rank Cowards, as well as their Wives and Daughters, overpowered by the blaze of MAJESTY, and a golden Coat—A Bible *Simile*—A sensible Exclamation of the POET on the unexpected Cowardice of the COOKS—A fine West India Comparison—The POET pathetically mourneth over the gradual Decay of ROYALTY—The impudent and foolish Speech of the Mob in regard to ROYALTY and the GREAT—The POET's short and judicious Reflection on the Speech of the MOB—The COOK-MAJOR's pathetic Speech to the King—MADAM SCHWELLENBERG most scornfully and angrily replieth to the COOK-MAJOR's Speech—Another GREAT LADY's Speech, composed of less acrimony than MADAM SCHWELLENBERG's—His M——y adviseth the COOKS to be quietly shaved, and promiseth them Wigs *gratis*—DAME AVARICE remonstrateth to M——y on the folly of the *Present* of Wigs, with strong and economical reasons—DAME AVARICE abuseth some of the QUALITY, and applaudeth her M——y for the many instances of her *saving* Powers—His M——y becometh a Convert to the Speech of DAME AVARICE—The POET's fine Reflection on Generosity—His M——y *ordereth* the COOKS to be seated for the SHAVE—The K—g speaketh Marvels in favour of Majesty—Deep reflections of the POET on AMBITION, with the various Examples of Power—The COOKS *at length* submit to be *shaved*—An American Comparison on the

occasion, *perhaps* not pleasing to *certain* GREAT PEOPLE! --- The POET addresseth the MUSE on the want of *Battle*, so necessary to an EPIC POEM---The POET, glorying in Honour, refuseth to make a Battle where there was none; proclaiming, at the same time, his *ability*, were a Battle necessary—His M—— exulteth in his Victory over the Cooks—His M—— endeavoureth to prove by *assertion* the *property* of the LOUSE—Also the Certainty of its being a *real Louse*, by his great acquaintance with Natural History—The K——, in his great justice, *showeth* the little ANIMAL, by way of conviction—The POET exhibiting *biblical* and *classical* Knowledge in an Account of Animals that have *spoken*, in order to reconcile the Reader's revolting mind to the Speech of the LOUSE — The LOUSE *speechifieth*, and giveth a wonderful History of *Himself*, his *Family*, and *Misfortune*—LOUSE proveth the superior Antiquity of his RACE to that of KINGS—The K——, in wrath, giveth LOUSE the *lie*, and endeavoureth his destruction—ZEPHYR, trembling at his danger, suddenly beareth him off to the celestial Region; and, after twice changing his mind, converteth him into a STAR, discover'd soon after by the *Great* DOCTOR HERSCHELL, and his Spy-Glass, which, in compliment to his MAJESTY, the DOCTOR baptized the GEORGIUM SIDUS!!!

THE
LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

Now with the sweetest lips that love inspire,
The PRINCESS ROYAL thus address'd her Sire:
« O Sir, for once attend a daughter's pray'r!
« Restrain your fury from your people's hair:
« A thousand blessings will their mouths bestow,
« And every heart with gratitude o'erflow:
« For *such* a vict'ry who would give a fig?
« Pray, Sir, don't make them wear a nasty wig.»
Such sounds, so sweet, that most divinely broke,
As might have mollified the sturdy oak,
Were fruitless, doom'd on royal ears to fall!
Yet *Music* drove the devil out of *Saul*!
To HER the KING, with most astonish'd eyes,
And surly wrinkled brows, so stern replies:
« What, what! not *shave* 'em, *shave* 'em, now
they're *caught*?
« What! have this pretty hubbub all for *nought*?
« No, no, girl; no, girl; no, girl; no, girl—no—
« Beg on till doomsday, girl—it shan't be so!
« How, how, pray, would it look, how, how, pray,
look?
« People would swear I could not shave a Cook.

« You call wigs *nasty*, Miss? Fine speech, indeed!
 « Don't, don't you see I've one upon my head?
 « Go back, go back, Miss PERT,» he bluntly cried;
 Then with his elbow push'd the nymph aside:
 Although the Monarch did not box her ears,
 He drown'd the radiance of her eye with tears.

Far from the wrathful King the MAID withdrew,
 And veil'd her modest beauties from his view.
 Thus when the virgin MORN her blushes spreads,
 And paints with purest ray the mountain heads;
 Behold! those blushes so divine to shroud,
 The surly BOREAS gathers ev'ry cloud;
 Bids the huge phalanx seek the smiling East,
 And blot the lustre of her crimson vest:
 From pole to pole extends the black'ning band;
 Cloud pressing cloud obeys his rude command:
 In tears she moves away, the heav'nly MAID,
 And leaves him Monarch of the mighty shade.

Now o'er the *Sov'reign's* shoulder, with a sigh,
 The fair AUGUSTA cast a pitying eye;
 And whisper'd to her Sire a tender pray'r,
 To save from razor-rage the heads of hair;
 When, lo! the King!

« What, *you* too, Miss, petition for each knave?
 « You, you, too, Miss, an enemy to *shave*?»

Mute was the Maid; when soft from King and
 Cooks,
 Concern'd, she shrunk away, with sweetest looks:
 Thus, o'er a murky cloud the MOON so bright,
 Oft' gives a peep of momentary light;

Much as to say, « I wish my smiles to grant,
« To cheer you darkling mortals, but I can't. »
Sing, heav'nly GODDESS, how the Cooks behav'd,
Who swore they'd all be-d--n'd ere they'd be shav'd;
Who penn'd to MAJESTY the bold petition,
And daring fum'd with rebel opposition!

Cow'd, cow'd, alas! the Lords of saucepans feel:
Each heart, so val'rous, sunk into the heel:
And, lo! each threat'ning Amazonian Dame,
Her spirit drooping, and extinct her flame--
For, lo! of Majesty the pow'rful blaze,
His coat's bright gold, and eyeballs rolling gaze,
Just like the light that cover'd sad SAINT PAUL,
Flash'd on their visages, and smote them all!
Who could have thought that things would thus
have ended?

FATE seemingly a dreadful crash intended!
Such stately resolution in the Cooks,
Such fierce demeanour in their spouses looks!
But thus in Western India Jove ordains
At times an aspect wild of hurricanes:
Dark grows the sky, with gleams of threat'ning
red:

All nature dumb, the smallest zephyr dead:
Bird, beast, and mortal, trembling, pausing, still,
Expectant of the tempest's mighty will.
Tremendous pause! when, lo! by small degrees,
Light melts the mass; with life returns the breeze;
And DANGER, on his cloud, who scowl'd dismay,
Moves sullen with his congregated glooms away.

How strange that Kings, with borrow'd plumes who
 Should make the very *wing-makers* adore! [soar,
 Strange that the realm, by which a Monarch lives,
 Should tremble at the Majesty it *gives*!
 Strange that an Empire so much reason wants,
 When *bounteous* Majesty a pension grants,
 As not to understand, the stupid stone!
 He granteth not a sixpence of *his own*!
 What's stranger still, indeed, to people's eyes,
 That Monarchs and their wives should seem so *wise*!
 But so it is indeed! — and yet I hear
 That Majesty is falling from its sphere;
 WAR's mighty *first-rate* dwindling to a *skiff*;
 The knees of ADORATION waxing stiff,
 That bent so pliantly to *folk* of State —
 Cock-turkey GRANDEUR verging to his fate.
 But TIME discovers truth — in folly far,
 Folk deem'd a beam from bogs a falling star,
 And fancied thunder, all so dread, ador'd,
 The voice tremendous of an anger'd Lord;
 The light'ning his swift vengeance — never dream —
 That mortals, ever poring, ever scheming, [ing
 Should find that in a phial they should lock it,
 And bear heav'n's vengeance in their breeches
 pocket.

In France, lo! HOMAGE much has lost her awe,
 And *blushes* now to kiss the LION's paw:
 Nay! dares to fancy (an old rebel jade)
 Kings and their thrones of *like* materials made;
 Nay! fancy too (on bold rebellion's brink)
 That subjects have a right to *speak* and *think*;

Revileth kings, for praise and wonder born,
 Calleth crowns *fools caps*, that their heads adorn,
 And sacred sceptres, which we *here adore*,
Mean picklocks for the houses of the *Poor*—
 Thus CURIOSITY no longer springs,
 And wide-mouth'd WONDER gapes no more at
 KINGS.

Heavens! if EQUALITY all ranks confounds,
 No more shall we be whistled to like hounds;
 FREEDOM will talk to Kings in dauntless tone,
 And female MAJESTY be just *plain JOAN*!

Now taking courage to his honest breast,
 His hand the MAJOR energetic press'd;
 Cloth'd with humility's mild beam his eye,
 He thus address'd the SOV'REIGN with a sigh:
 « O King! you've call'd me an old fool to whine;
 « But I'm not *old*: still many a year is mine;
 « Tho' white, as tho' from *Time*, my temples grow,
 « INGRATITUDE's cold hand hath form'd their
 snow!

« Grief dims these eyes, and whitens every hair:
 « And, lo! my wrinkles are the tracks of *care*!
 « To tread LIFE's wild, unwounded by a thorn,
 « Was ne'er the lucky lot of woman-born.
 « Man should be kind to man, O best of Kings!
 « And try to blunt the ills that *Nature* brings;
 « Not bid the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
 « And to her thousands add *another woe*!
 « Ah! if a *trifle* can a smile employ,
 « How cruel, Sir, to *kill* the infant joy!

« How faint of Happiness the scatter'd ray,
 « That cheers of life, alas! the little day!
 « While CARE and SORROW's imp-like host in-
 vade,
 « And fill a sighing universe with shade!
 « Then bid your royal indignation cease,
 « And suffer our poor locks to rest in peace.»
 He ended. — Now with scorn so keen inspir'd,
 And anger, uninvited, undesir'd,
 Did MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, devoid of grace,
 O'er the QUEEN's shoulder poke her cat-like face;
 « And thus—« Mine Gote den—vat a saucy vretch!
 « How cleberly dis poor old fella preach!
 « Bring him de polepit— dat he sal be pote in—
 « JAN beat de Mettodisses all to notin.» —
 Now spoke the SPOUSE of our most *glorious King*,
 Who deem'd a louse a very nasty thing;
 For *folk* of Strelitz are so neat and clean,
 They think of vermin with abhorrent mien! —
 For cleanliness so much in Strelitz thrives,
 Folks never saw a louse in all their lives.
 « Mine Gote! 'mong men and women, an de boys,
 « Dis shave indeed make very pretty noise!
 « Goote Gote! make rout about a leetel hair!
 « Wig be de fashion—DIXON, take de shair—
 « Sheet down, and don't make hubbub shust like
 « Dere's noting terrible about a wig. [pig:
 « Mine Gote! de tremblin fellow seem afred,
 « As if we put a tiger 'pon his head —
 « De *Ladies* now wear wig upon der crown;
 « So sheet you down, JAN DIXON, sheet you down —

« Cook tell his King and Queen he von't be shave!
« Egote! de Englis don't know how behave!
« Let Cook say so in Strelitz, ah! mine Gote!
« Dere would be soldiers dat would cut der troat.
« You know dat King and Queen, you rebel, JAN,
« Can cut your head off in a moment, man--
« Lord! den, you may be tankfull dat we *spare*,
« An only cut off good-for-notin hair.
« You know dat in our history you read,
« How King of England cut off subjects head! »
« Yes, please your Majesty, » the Cook reply'd,
« And something, if I don't mistake, *beside*--
« How *subjects* also cut off heads of Kings!
« But these undoubtedly are horrid things.
« Wide from the truth then does the proverb
 wander,
« Sauce for the goose, is sauce too for the gander. »
At this dire irony, with sable look,
The anger'd Queen of England smote the Cook.
Thus can the sweetest disposition feel,
And, when excited, ring a glorious peal.
Whene'er it happens (but it happens rare)
Look sharp, my Masters--let the world beware!
Thus water, all so simple, cool, and mild,
So soft it would not injure e'en a child,
Yet, goaded by the fire, how warm it grows,
Displaying symptoms of disturb'd repose!
Sudden it swells, and, o'er the cauldron's side,
Foams the fierce cataract's tumultuous tide;
And, in a twinkling, see the foolish fire,
Whelm'd by the water, with a whiz expire!

Now silence broke the King : « Sit down , sit down !

« Come , come , let every barber take his crown ;
« I'll show some mercy, t' ye , ye nasty pigs ;
« For mind , mind , mind , I'll *pay* for all the wigs ! »
At these last words , forth crawl'd an ANCIENT
DAME ,

Sharp-nos'd , half starv'd , and AVARICE her name ;
With wrinkled neck , and parchment-like to view ,
That e'en the coarsest 'kerchief seldom knew :
With hawk-like eyes that glisten'd o'er her gold ,
And , raptur'd , every hour her treasure told ;
Who of her fingers form'd a comb so fair ,
And with a garter filletted her hair ;
Who fiercely snatch'd , with wild devouring eyes ,
An atom of brown sugar from the flies ;
Made a sad candle from a dab of fat ,
And stole a stinking fish-head from a cat ;
Sav'd of the mustiest bread the crumbs , and sees
A dinner in the *scrapings* of a cheese :
Whiffing a stump of pipe , a frequent treat ,
That gives the stomach smoke , poor thing ! for
meat :

Forth hobbled this old Dame , with shaking head ,
Like , in her crooked form , the letter *zed* :
The Palace-watch , and guardian most severe
Of drops of dying and of dead small beer :
A Dame who hated idle dogs and cats ,
And trembled at a rompus of the rats ;
Nay ! listen'd , jealous of a scratching mouse ,
Afraid the imp might swallow the whole house :

The careful province her's to sell old shoes,
 Old hats, old coats, and breeches, to the Jews;
 And drive, with dog-like fury, from the door,
 The plaintive murmurs of the famish'd Poor:--
 The Dame who bade the great SIR FRANCIS sell
 The sacred Pulpit, and the good old Bell! *
 Forth hobbled SHE, and, in a quick shrill tone,
 Thus to the King of Nations spoke the Crone:
 « God bless us, Sir, why, give me leave to say,
 « Your Majesty is throwing things away!
 « What! give the fellows wigs for every head!
 « A piece of rare extravagance indeed!
 « Let them *buy* wigs *themselves*, a dirty crew!
 « An't please your Majesty, what's that to you?
 « You buy the rascals wigs, indeed, so nice!
 « It only gives encouragement to lice.
 « Marry come up, indeed, I say--new wigs!
 « No--let them *suffer* for't, the nasty pigs!
 « Lord! they can well afford it--Sir, their hair
 « Costs (Heav'n protect us!) what would make you
 stare.
 « Hours in the barber's hands, forsooth, they sit,
 « Reading the newspapers, and books of wit!
 « Just like our men of quality, forsooth,
 « Each full-ag'd gentleman, and dapper youth!

* Sir Francis Drake. Verily this is a fact. The Baronet lately disposed of the Pulpit and Bell of the old Chapel at Nurwell, in Devonshire, built by his immortal ancestor. The annual interest of four shillings was too fascinating to be withstood.

« *Newmarket* now, and now the *Nation* studying,
 « In clouds of flour sufficient for a pudding.
 « Lord! what extravagance I see and hear!
 « Unlike your Majesty and Madam there,
 « Our GREAT consume and squander, fling away—
 « 'Tis rout and hubbub—spend, spend, night and
 « Such racketing that people's peace destroys, [day!
 « As if the world was only made for noise.
 « Would ev'ry Duchess copy our good Queen,
 « More money in their purses would be seen;
 « Her Majesty to *things* can condescend,
 « Which our fine quality, with nose an end,
 « Behold with *such* contempt, and *such* a grin,
 « As though a little saving was a sin!
 « Her Majesty, God bless her! does not scorn
 « To see a stocking and a shoe *well worn*;
 « To mend, or darn, or clean a lustring gown,
 « So mock'd, indeed, by all the Great in town.
 « Her Majesty at Frogmore, * day and night,
 « Can to their labour keep her pupils tight;
 « See that to Milliners no trifle goes,
 « That may be done beneath her own great nose.
 « Her Majesty can buy a hat, or cloak,
 « In shops, indeed, as cheap as *common folk*:
 » She will not be impos'd upon, she says—
 « O what a good example for *our* days!

* A Farm near Windsor, where a parcel of young women, the *Protégées* of Majesty, are constantly employed in working Beds, and very well know the meaning of the phrase — « Working one's fingers to the stumps. »

« When PRUDENCE dictates, lo! no pride she feels:
« Could order shoes to come with *copper* heels.
« Yes, Majesty could nobly pride renounce,
« And make a handsome *jacket* of a *flounce*;
« 'Stead of *lawn gauze*, descend, Great Queen! to
 crape,
« And, 'stead of *ribbon*, draw a gown with *tape*;
« Turn hats to bonnets, by her prudence led,
« And clean a tarnish'd spangled shoe with bread;
« A gown's worn sleeve from *long* to *short* devote,
« And into pockets cut an upper coat;
« Cut shifts to nightcaps, satin cloaks to muffs,
« And calmly frill groat ribbons into ruffs:
« Blest with the rarest economic wits,
« Transform an old silk stocking into *Mits*!
« Transform too (so convertible are things!)
« E'en flannel petticoats to caps for Kings. --
« And then your Majesty, whom God long keep!
« How fond, indeed, of every thing that's cheap!
« 'Best is best cheap' -- you very wisely cry;
« And so, an't please your Majesty, say I.
« Lord bless us! why should people spend and riot?
« When people can so *save* by living quiet?
« Give to the *Poor*, forsooth! a rare exploit!
« Catch what you can, and never *give* a doit.
« To SAVING, every one should go to school --
« To my mind, GENEROSITY's a fool. --
« Look at the Prince of Wales now, Sir, your son!
« Poor youth! by Generosity undone!
« When was he ever known distress to scout,
« And to a one legg'd beggar say -- 'Get out'!

« Instead of proper words, as, ‘Varlet! Slave!
 ‘Go to your parish, to your workhouse, knave!’ »
 « In goes his hand, and out his purse he draws,
 « Relieves the rogue, and violates the laws:
 « With puling PITY’s tears, his eyes o’erflow—
 « Plague on his lips that never can say—‘No.’
 « He values money just as so much dirt;
 « And to a beggar’s pray’r would give his shirt:
 « His open heart was made for ruin—rot it!
 « I wonder where the dev’l it was he got it.—
 « A pretty disposition his, in troth!
 « People should cut their garments to the cloth!
 « Besides, Sir, there’s another ugly thing,
 « He is not *proud enough* to be a king:
 « No distant carriage his, no lofty mind,
 « But all civility to all mankind:
 « All speak their thoughts! his friends don’t matters
 mince,
 « For nobody is *frighten’d* at the PRINCE:
 « He bids them all *speak out*, without controul,
 « And scorns the sycophant who hides his soul.
 « What sort of king he’ll make, I cannot tell,
 « With such a heart— and yet I wish him well.
 « But kings should be close-fisted, proud, highflyers;
 « Nay! *Authors* say, too, *Hypocrites* and *Liars*.
 « But, Sir, I beg your pardon—to return
 « To those same dirty Cooks that you should spurn;
 « Give them no wigs, the Beasts! for, as I say,
 « ’Tis kindness and good money flung away.»
 Thus ended AVARICE, at last, her speech,
 With praise of King and Queen, and saving, rich.

Such words, deliver'd with a solemn air,
 Made the great Ruler of three kingdoms stare.
 « Right, right, 'tis very right, » the Monarch cries,
 And on his millions rolls his mental eyes —
 « Right, MISTRESS AVARICE, right, right, indeed!
 « I wont buy wigs for ev'ry nasty head;
 « No, no, they'll save it, save it, as you say —
 « I won't, I won't, I won't, fling pence away! »

Here let us pause again, and think how hard,
 That good intentions should be quickly marr'd!
 Ah! GENEROSITY's a tender plant;
 Its root is weakly, and its bearings scant!
 SELF-LOVE, too near it, robs it of each ray,
 And thirsty, sucks the rills of life away.
 Vile weed! (like docks in coarsest soil they start)
 That thriveth in the cold and flinty heart. —
 « Come, come, sit down, » the Monarch deign'd
 to rave;
 « Cooks, cooks, sit down — Come, Barbers, shave,
 shave, shave.
 « Yes, yes I think 'tis right, 'tis right and just:
 « Indeed you must be shav'd — you must, you
 must.
 « Cooks must not over *Kings* and *Princes* tower —
 « Must show the world that we have got some
 power. »

Thus, by Ambition fir'd, the Monarch ended
 A speech to be transcended, but not mended.
 What diff'rent roads to FAME AMBITION takes!
 What hubbub in this under-world she makes!

AMBITION, the Queen-passion of the soul —
 Ev'n LOVE, sweet LOVE, indeed, has less controul.
 AMBITION makes the *wise* a *fool* at Court;
 AMBITION drowns an Alderman in port:
 AMBITION spurs our GREAT in plays to spout—
 Spurr'd SIR JOHN DICK to gain a star by *Croute*:
 Bade LADY MARY for a eunuch sigh,
 And RICHMOND unto battles turn his eye,
 To beam the cynosure of Bagshot wars,
 And give POSTERITY a British Mars.
 AMBITION bade sour JOHNSON lick the throne,
 And blink at every merit but his own;
 BOSWELL with praise a Hottentot besmear,
 And give his country up to lead a Bear.
 AMBITION bade SIR WILL make new, old jugs,
 And bake his immortality in mugs:
 Bade round the world the fam'd SIR JOSEPH float,
 To kiss QUEEN OBEREA in the boat;
 And spurs him now his blood's last drop to shed,
 In quest of butterflies without a head;
 AMBITION nobly spurr'd the KING of MEN
 To walk through HERSCHELL's tube and back again;
 A deed whose lustre, ENVY must allow,
 Deep plann'd at Windsor, and perform'd at Slough!*
 AMBITION spurr'd the MAN of royal birth,
 To humble MADAM SCHWELLENBERG to earth;
 Thus to the gardens of Imperial Kew,
 When MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, for health,
 withdrew,

* A village near Windsor, the residence of Dr. Herschell.

And round the alleys of that fam'd abode,
Sublimely ambling, on a Jack-ass rode;
Lo! MAJESTY so sly, with stick and pin,
Drove the sharp mischief through JACK's fright-
en'd skin!

When, lo! the beast, with sudden start and bound,
Wild plunging, hurl'd the lady to the ground;
Where, lo! *such things* appear'd (her legs I mean)
As never ought by mortals to be seen;
Legs that ne'er saw, ye gods! the sun before!
Such legs! as set great Cæsar in a roar.

AMBITION bids the man of ropes, or figs,
Or fish, or brass, or foolscap, peas, or pigs,
Sigh for the golden chain, and coach so fair,
In short, to shine the City's sun--LORD MAY'R!
Blest man! in pomp to visit at St. James,
And pour his gilded barges on the Thames;
Devour with nobles in th' Egyptian hall;
And trip it with a Duchess at the ball!
Rich honours! but what pity my LORD MAY'R
Should lose, at length, his chain and coach so fair,
And gorgeous gown, and wig, and bright attire,
And converse sweet of Lord, and Knight, and
'Squire;

Sheriffs, and Councilmen, and Common Hunt,
To sweat with candles, or with hogs to grunt;
Bid *wax*, for *greasy mutton-lights*, adieu;
Drop wigs for night-caps, robes for apron blue;
And quit of JUSTICE the celestial scales,
To weigh cheese, sugar, tallow, or hobnails!

Instead of questions from the best of Kings,
On *solid* matters, consequential things,
To hear a raggamuffin in his shop :
« Soap, Master Guttle, quick, a pound of soap ! »
With such a careless, broad, irrev'rent stare,
As though the Chandler ne'er had been Lord May'r !
But so it is : poor MERIT oft complains !
Blest is the mortal born with *Goose's* brains !
What signifies the wisdom of the schools,
If FORTUNE only will make love to *Fools* ?—
Now to the Cooks, O wandering Muse, return ;
For, lo ! our readers with impatience burn !
Aw'd by the voice of King, and Queen, and Page,
And MADAM SCHWELLENBERG's relentless rage,
Down sat the Cooks, amid a wond'ring host ;
The Barbers labour'd and the locks were lost !
Thus when BURGOYNE, opposing all the fates,
Defied, at Saratoga, GENERAL GATES ;
Sudden the HERO dropp'd his threat'ning fist,
And wisely deem'd it folly to resist ;
Dropp'd in the VICTOR's arms (unlucky lot !)
And saw his legions sink without a shot !—
Speak, heavenly Goddess ! was there then no fray ?
No drops of blood effus'd to mark the day ?
No fisty-cuffs, no eyes as black as night ?
No cat-like scratches, no revengeful bite ?
Nor fisty-cuffs, nor eyes as black as night,
Nor cat-like scratches, nor revengeful bite,
The palace witness'd. — Thus the Muse divine
Must close, without one drop of blood, the line ;

And readers, baulk'd of deeds of high renown,
Perhaps shall, grumbling for their money, frown.
What can we do if FATE produced *no* fray?
The Poet dares not *make* a murd'rous day.
Should FALSEHOOD's tale the Epic Bard defile,
Which damneth half th' historians of our Isle;
How could he hold aloft his tuneful head,
Or proudly hope at Doomsday to be read?
The glowing wish of every Son of Rhime
To sink into Eternity with *Time*!

Yet nought were easier than to form a fray,
And bring a dozen gods to aid the day:
Yet nought were easier than to raise a battle:
Make iron head-piece against head-piece rattle;
Nails nails oppose, and grinders grinders greet,
Nose poke at nose, and stomachs stomachs meet;
Wild rolling eye-balls against eye-balls glare,
The dusty floor bestrew'd with teeth and hair;
Caps, petticoats, and-kerchiefs load the ground,
The trembling roofs with mingled cries resound;
Legs of joint-stools, and chairs, their vengeance
pour;

And blocks and mopsticks fly, a wooden show'r;
Raise clamours equal to an Indian yell,
Transcended only by the house of hell;
Nay! bid old EREBUS, in sulphur strong,
Display his flaming cauldron in our song—
Proud of the *Shave*, the King of Nations smil'd;
Nay! laugh'd triumphant, with his glory wild:
But still, to shew his *justice*, thus he said:
« Mind, mind me, Gentry with the shaven head,

« Know, know the Louse belongs to some of *you*--
 « It is a Louse--it is--'tis very true :
 « Yes, yes, belongs to some one of your house--
 « I've read Buffon--yes, yes, I know a Louse. »
 A pill-box then he op'd, with eager look,
 And shew'd the Crawler, to convince each Cook.
 The long-ear'd beast of BALAAM, lo! we find,
 Sharp to the beast that rode him, spoke his mind :
 The mournful Xanthus * (says the Bard of old)
 Of PELEUS' warlike son the fortune told :
 Thus to the captive Louse was language giv'n,
 Which proves what int'rest JUSTICE holds in heav'n.
 The Vermin, rising on his little rump,
 Like Ladies' lap-dogs, that for muffin mump,
 Thus, solemn as our Bishops, when they preach,
 Made, to the best of Kings, his *maiden* speech :--
 « Know, mighty Monarch, I was born and bred
 « Deep in the burrows of a Page's head;
 « There took I sweet LOUSILLA unto wife,
 « My soul's delight--the comfort of my life :
 « But, on a day, your Page, Sir, dar'd invade
 « COWSLIP's sweet lips, your faithful dairy maid;
 « Great was the struggle for the short-liv'd bliss;
 « At length he won the long-contested kiss! --
 « Lo! mid the struggle, thus it came to pass;
 « Down dropp'd my wife and I upon the lass;
 « From whence we crawl'd (and who's without am-
 « bition ?
 « Who does not wish to better his condition ?)

* The horse of Achilles.

« To *You*, dread Sir, where, lo! we lov'd, and fed,
« Charm'd with the fortune of a royal head;
« Where, safe from nail and comb, and blust'ring
« We nestled in your little lock behind; [wind,
« Where many a beauteous baby plainly proves,
« Heav'n, like a King's, can bless a Louse's loves;
« Where many a time, at court, I've join'd your
« Grace,

« And with you gallop'd in the glorious chace;
« LOUSILLA, too, my children, and my nits,
« Just frighten'd, sometimes, out of all their wits.
« It happen'd, Sir, ah! luckless, luckless day!
« I foolish took it in my head to stray —
« How many a father, mother, daughter, son,
« Are oft by curiosity undone!
« Dire wish! for 'midst my travels, urg'd by FATE,
« From you, O King, I fell upon your plate!
« Sad was the precipice! — and now I'm here,
« Far from LOUSILLA and my children dear!
« Who now, poor souls! in deepest mourning all,
« Groan for my presence, and lament my fall:
« NITILLA now, my eldest girl, with sighs
» Bewails her father lost, with streaming eyes;
« And GRUBBINETTA, with the loveliest mien,
« In state, in temper, and in form a queen;
« And sturdy SNAP, my son, a child of grace,
« His father's image both in form and face;
« And DIGGORY, poor lad, and hopeful SCRATCH,
« Boys that LOUSILLA's soul was proud to hatch;
« And little NIBBLE, too, my youngest son,
« Will ask his mother where his father's gone;

« Who (poor LOUSILLA!) only will reply
« With turtle moan, and tears in either eye.—
« Thus, SIR, are you mistaken all this while,
« And Queen and Pages, that our race revile,
« As though our species could not life adorn,
« And that th' ALMIGHTY made a Louse in *scorn*.
« Yet if to Genealogy we go,
« The LOUSE is of the *elder house*, I trow.
« Ere God (so Moses says) did man create,
« Lo! our first parents walk'd the world in state.
« Such is the hist'ry of your loyal LOUSE,
« Whose presence breeds such tumult in the house.
« Thus, Sir, you see no blame to Cooks belong;
« Thus *Majesty*, for *once*, is in the wrong! »
Thus, in the manly tones of FOX and PITT,
To GEORGE, intrepid, spoke the SON OF NIT:
Firm in his language to the King of Wrath,
As little DAVID to the MAN OF GATH;
Ordain'd, in oratory, to surpass
The speech—th' immortal speech of BALAAM's ass.
« Lies! lies! lies! lies! reply'd the furious King:
« 'Tis no such thing! no, no, 'tis no such thing! »
Then quick he aim'd, of red-hot anger full,
His nails of vengeance at the LOUSE's skull;
But ZEPHYR, anxious for his life, drew near,
And sudden bore him to a distant sphere;
In triumph rais'd the animal on high,
Where BERENICE's locks adorn the sky;
But now he wish'd him nobler fame to share,
And crawl for ever on BELINDA's hair.

Yet to the Louse was *greater* glory giv'n;
To roll a *planet* on the splendid heav'n,
And draw of deep astronomers the ken—
The GEORGIUM SIDUS of the sons of men!!!

FINIS.



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